THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, October 5, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 14

SPENT AND MIS-SPENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Stay a little longer in the sky,
Oh golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strown about
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I, I said, will be delay'd,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall play'd up its silver tune,—
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke, and not a plan was plann'd,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, it caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work day hour has all
Been spent, and mis-spent, doing what I could;
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late sown flowers are hardly set—
Oh, darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet!

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED)

WITH a murmured "Oh, poor father!" she ran—was it a run or a quick gliding spring?—to her chair, and carefully poured out the chocolate; carefully, because she had already learnt that if the cup were not filled up to a certain point, or the chocolate went over into the saucer, her father's comfort would be utterly destroyed, and he would be as unhappy as he ever permitted himself to be. She carried it round to him with her own hands, and as she put it down, set her sweet young lips in a light—a very light—kiss—for even in the matter of an embrace Francis Winsdale was critical—upon the careful parting of his well-cared for hair.

He sipped his chocolate, and nibbled at his rusk—he hated a man who could eat a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, or chops and steak—and glanced at his letters and the paper.

The letters were few, and not of much consequence, for Francis Winsdale was himself not of very much "consequence" now. He had been rich at one time, and he had spent his money. The White Cot and the few acres of almost barren, moor-like land was all there was left of a fairly good estate. He had been a prominent member of "society," but he had grown weary of it—or persuaded himself that he was—and the fashionable acquaintances had been quick to forget the handsome, and witty, and beautifully dressed man who had spent his money in their midst. It is the way the world has.

His letters did not interest him, and he pushed them away with one slim finger, but the society journal for which he had a preference to the Times or the Morning Post, seemed to absorb him for a few minutes. Presently he looked up from it, and glancing at the beautiful face opposite him, with a watchful kind of thoughtfulness; then he said, in the most casual way—

"What are you going to do with yourself this morning, may I ask, Eva?"

She looked up from the fox terrier with whom she was sharing her cutlet on the most equitable principles.

"I don't know, father. I was thinking of going over to the Court. Lady Janet wants me to see some patterns for a new dress."

He nodded approvingly. That Lady Janet should desire to have the opinion of his, Francis Winsdale's daughter, upon a new dress was quite right, and as it should be.

"Go, by all means," he said. "I expect they will be more than usually glad to see you to-day. They will have had some bad news, and will want consoling and cheering up."

"Bad news? Oh, what is it?" she said, with instant concern and sympathy.

Mr. Winsdale deliberately stirred his chocolate, and broke off a minute piece of rusk.

"It is about Lord Averleigh's precious son," he said. "It appears that he has been disgracing himself again. There is quite a graphic account of it here," and he glanced at the paper. "I suppose it will be in the morning papers, and that Lord Averleigh will have seen it."

"What has he done?" asked Eva.

Francis Winsdale shrugged his shoulders slightly; his gestures as well as his voice were always beautifully modulated.

"Only the usual thing—for him. Probably Lord Averleigh is quite accustomed to it now—in which Lord Fayne was, of course the head of a vulgar, hideously vulgar row at a music-hall, leader, if not the actual cause. It seems to have been a worse row than usual, and he was, so I gather, very much knocked about. The affair came before the magistrate yesterday, and, of course, Lord Fayne was fined, and not sent to prison. How delightfully attuned to patrician ideas is modern justice! If it had been Mr. William Sykes instead of Viscount Fayne, I fear Mr. William Sykes would have gone to prison without the option of a £5 note."

"How dreadful!" said Eva, with a sigh for her friends at the Court. "Poor Lord Averleigh, and poor Lady Janet!"

"Yes," he said, "I believe that she is still fond of her nephew. May I ask you to get the cigarette box from the sideboard, and the matches? You are nearer them than I, or I would not trouble you," he said, sweetly.

Eva brought them to him, and stood looking at the flowers, thoughtfully.

"Is he so—so very bad, father?" she asked, in a low voice; for to this young girl, who had spent all her life in ignorance of the great world, vice was vice, though she did not even know rightly what it meant; and her heart ached for the sweet faced old lady, whom she had learned to love.

Francis Winsdale watched the two rings of smoke from his choice Egyptian cigarette as they floated up to the ceiling.

"He is as bad as it is possible to be, I believe," he said, easily.

"But what—what does he do?" she asked.

He looked at her with half closed eyes, and gently stroked his moustache. It was sometimes difficult for him to realize the absolute innocence of this girl, who was nearly a woman—who at times looked quite a woman, and a very lovely one—all the more difficult because she was full of spirit and wit, and by no manner of means at all like the fool of an ingenue one sees on the French stage, and reads of in the impossible modern novel.

"Rather difficult question that, Eva," he said, at last. "I might much more easily tell you what he does not do. He gambles, he drinks, he associates with blacklegs and prize fighters. His one ambition, I believe, is to cover the name of Averleigh with disgrace. I have never seen him, but I am told that he dresses like one of the lower classes. He goes by the nickname of Coster—Coster Jack, or Dick, or something of that sort. The police and the London magistrates could give you more information than I can; but you may sum it up in a word; he is an outcast of the family and decent society."

Eve sighed.

"It is dreadful," she said, in a low voice, "and—and it seems so strange, father. One can scarcely realize it, knowing his father, Lord Averleigh, and remembering how perfect a gentleman he is. Has Lord Fayne—that is what you called him, did you not?——"

Her father nodded.

"Yes, he is Viscount Fayne; he inherits the title—the courtesy title—from his uncle, Lord Portlei_h, who left him, as well, something like a hundred thousand pounds. The title remains, but the money is in the gutter by this time—literally in the gutter. He will be the Earl of Averleigh when his father dies, and will have the Court, and a seat in the House of Lords, and—anything else he likes," he added, with polished cynicism.

"Is he a young man?" asked Eva.

"Yes; you'll find his age in the 'Peerage,' there, if you are curious."

"Perhaps—perhaps he may reform," she said, hesitatingly, wistfully. "Oh, I hope so, for dear Lady Janet's sake, for his father's sake. He cannot always have been bad, father."

"Oh, no," said Francis Winsdale, with bland cheerfulness. "I believe that he was rather a nice and promising boy. There must be a bad strain in him from somewhere. Strange how it will crop up! His brother was the pink of perfection—every inch an Averleigh."

"His brother?"

"Yes. Ah! you have not heard the old people speak of him. Very natural. Yes, there was another son, an elder brother, who, if he had lived, would have come into all this reprobate inherits. I think," he added, slowly, "that that is how the trouble began."

Eva looked at him questioningly. Francis Winsdale lit another cigarette.

"One of the results of our charming system of primogeniture, my dear Eva, is that the eldest son is everything, and the younger—nothing. In this case, the system was carried to extremes. The eldest son was worshipped, pampered, feted, idolized; the second—this Heriot Fayne—neglected. Most boys get used to this kind of neglect, this sacrifice of everything for their brother. Fayne did not. It roused the devil that must have been sleeping in him, and"—with the air of a man who is making a good epigram—"it has never been to sleep since."

"Poor boy!" murmured Eva.

Her father looked at her with a smile.

"I should say that, barring Lady Janet, perhaps, you are the first person who has ever expressed that eminently Christian sentiment towards Heriot Fayne, my dear."

She blushed.

"I cannot help it, father. I am sorry for him."

"Don't be, then," he said; "save all your sympathy for his people." After a moment, he remarked, musingly, "I suppose Stannard Marshbank's prospects are looking up."

"Who is Mr. Stannard Marshbank?" Eva asked.

"The earl's nephew, Heriot Fayne's cousin, and the heir presumptive; that is, if anything happens to Fayne, he will come in for the title and the estates."

"What sort of a man is he?"

Francis Winsdale smiled.

"Quite a different sort of person. He is the clever young man of the family—Member of Parliament, platform speaker, and the rest of it. He has been heard of a great deal lately. I see his name cropping up in the newspapers; speaking in Parliament, or 'on the stump' lecturing in village halls, and distributing the prizes at schools, and so on. I think I met him once, but that was some years ago, when he was quite young and unknown, and, of course, I don't remember him—equally, of course, I ought to say I do," he concluded, with his cynical smile.

"And what will you do all the morning, father?" she asked. "Will you not be dull?"

"If you mean shall I miss you, I certainly shall, but I would rather miss you than you should miss your visit to the Court. I have some letters to write"—which meant that he would write one, perhaps, saunter about the garden until he came to the hammock, into which he would gracefully fall, and read a French novel until he fell peacefully asleep.

Eve ordered her pony and cart, and ran upstairs to get her hat on. From her window she could see, just through the firs that surrounded and sheltered White Cot, and beyond the stretch of moorland that alone was left of her father's estate, the tops of the Elizabethan chimneys of the Court. She thought, pityingly, of the old earl as she looked, and still more pityingly of the outcast, notwithstanding her father had advised her not to waste her sympathy.

The pony—a fourteen and a half hands Exmoor—and the dainty dog-cart of varnished wood, was the only equipage her father could afford, and it had been a present to her soon after she came home.

The pony was a good one—all Exmoors are—and very much attached to his mistress, though mischievous enough with other persons. Eva gave him the piece of sugar he expected, and, as soon as she had scrambled into the cart (it was always a scramble for Prince, when once in harness, wanted to be off), they rushed out of the gate, followed by Tags, the terrier. The man who acted as groom, ostler and gardener looked after them admiringly, and turned to the cook, who was watching them, also admiringly, from the kitchen door.

"It 'ud trouble you to find a beautifuller pair than them, Mary." And Mary nodded with prompt and affectionate acquiescence.

It was a lovely morning, and the full tide of life rushed freely and joyously through Eva's veins. Half unconsciously she sang to herself in a low melodious, unobtrusive voice which her father approved and liked; it was such "good style." Prince trotted along at a swinging pace, tossing his head now and again, and pretending to shy at the most familiar objects, Tags tore along in front, barking at the birds and giving chase to an occasional rabbit, which he never caught, and from which he always came back looking as if he hadn't really tried. Eva was fully persuaded that Prince and Tags had a language in common, and that whenever Tags came back from a little rabbit chase, Prince jeered and laughed at him in a friendly and good-natured way.

She looked round and about her as she drove, and the beauty of the morning, the brightness of the sky, the song of the birds, the scent of the wayside flowers, and the pines, made life at that moment an exquisitely desirable thing.

She had not a care in the world, was young, strong as Prince, and had, in addition to a beautiful little home, the dearest, and daintiest, and charming of fathers.

She was thinking of John as she drove along the lane leading to the great iron entrance gates of the Court, when suddenly Prince shied in real earnest. Eva looked to see the cause, and her eye caught that which Prince's sharp eye had caught—a bright patch of scarlet that gleamed vividly from amongst the bracken by the roadside. It was the scarf of a man lying asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

EVA pulled up and looked at him, and would have driven on again, but she noticed the long wound of a recent cut on the side of his head, and the sun was pouring down upon it with all the fierceness of its midsummer heat. The man's cap had fallen off, and he was bareheaded; a sunstroke ought to be the inevitable result in any case, and with the soundest of heads, but with that ugly wound—— Eva winced as if she were the man, and the head were hers. She noticed that his face was drawn into a slight frown, as if in his sleep he could feel the pain of the scorching rays, and her first impulse was to call to him and wake him. But she felt reluctant to do so. Perhaps he had toiled for miles, all through the night probably; lassitude and weariness were expressed in the full stretch of the limbs, the long outstretched arm, the pose of the head on the bent elbow.

If the man's rough cap were on, and over that ugly wound, he would be all right and might sleep in safety.

In another instant she resolved to put it on. She was not afraid; what was there to fear? Even if the man woke and was rough and uncivil, as she had heard tramps usually were, it would not matter. The lodge gates were close at hand; she had but to call to the lodge-keeper's wife, who, no doubt, was sitting knitting at the open door—her custom always on a summer's noon. Anyway she must wake him or put his cap on; she could not drive on in peace with the thought of the hot sun beating down on his bare head.

She let Prince wander to the long, luscious grass at the side of the road, and leaping lightly down, made her way as noiselessly as possible to the sleeper. Then she stepped, for now she had got close to him and saw him unhindered by the bracken, she was struck by the fact that he was superbly handsome, and that he was the most graceful tramp she had ever seen. The face affected her curiously, by something more than its mere physical beauty. It was, as the French say in their epigrammatic way, "the beauty of the devil." There was something reckless, audacious about the mouth, in the long lashes that lay on the cheeks, hollowed a little—by want? thought Eva—in the very curve of the short brown hair. She noticed that there were lines at the corners of the eyes, and from the mouth, lines which she was too young to understand, but which, even to her ignorance, indicated a hard and wild life. A pipe, a new one, had dropped from his lips; a stout and serviceable stick, cut from the hedgerow, lay within reach of his hand.

Perhaps, after all, she thought, it would be wise to leave him alone—she would not have thought so if he had proved to be an old man—but she put the momentary fear and hesitation away from her as unworthy of her, and stooping softly, picked up the rough cap, and, as softly, placed it on his head, well covering the wound.

The man did not even stir; and, with a parting glance, she was about to leave him, when, without moving, he said—

"Thanks!"

The voice broke the stillness so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that Eva started. Something in the tone of the single word brought the swift red to her face.

She stopped and looked down at him, and met a pair of dark eyes fixed, with a faint smile in them, upon hers. Gradually, and yet rapidly, the smile died away, and gave place to a look of wonder, and—yes, she felt with annoyance, that it was admiration.

He sprang to his feet, and, as if instinctively, took off his cap; and, as he stood upright as a dart, and like a gladiator just entering the arena, and waiting for his foe, she fully noticed his height, and the free grace of his bearing.

"Put on your cap, my good man," she said, trying to speak in the tone which one ought to use towards a tramp, but conscious of a little embarrassment and tremor. "You ought not to be bareheaded with that wound. Do you know that you were lying in the full heat of the sun?" she added severely.

The man looked at her gravely, with a kind of dreamy scrutiny. A man lying asleep on this beauteous morning might have dreamed of such a lovely vision as this exquisitely lovely girl, with the dark hair and grey eyes; he could scarcely hope to wake and find his dream embodied, and by his side.

He put his cap on.

"I beg your pardon——" he began in a musical voice; then, as he saw a faint surprise in her beautiful eyes, his tone became rougher—"I didn't know."

"You were asleep," she said.

He nodded; then, as if obeying an irresistible impulse, he said quietly, very quietly—

"No, I was not asleep. I had been, but the noise of your cart woke me."

"And you let me——" she began indignantly.

A faint color stole into his haggard face and he made a slight gesture, a movement with his hand that strangely impressed her.

"If I had got up I should have startled your pony; it is an Exmoor, I know their ways. I was not to know that you would —— Are all the ladies in this part of the country as kind-hearted to—poor tramps?"

"It was not much to do," said Eva. She took a step away from him, then looked over her shoulder. "Have you walked far?"

"From London," he said gravely.

"That is a long way;" she said pityingly. "How did you get that wound on your head?"

He stooped to pick up his pipe, but did not proceed to fill it.

"Fell off a hay cart," he replied glibly. "It must have been a very high one," said Eva.

"It was," he said. "But it's nothing—the cut, I mean."

"It looks very bad," she said, repressing a shudder. "And"—it seemed to her as if it were difficult for her to get away from the dark eyes fixed on her with such fixed gravity—"where are you going?"

He looked round him with a curious slowness.

"Back to London."

"To get work, I hope," said Eva, trying to infuse as much severity as possible into her voice and manner.

"To get work," he assented gravely.

Eva's hand went towards her pocket; but, somehow, she recoiled from the idea of offering him alms. The man was a tramp, but—what business had a tramp with such eyes, such a face, such a figure?

"Have—you any money?" she asked, rather slowly.

He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out some silver and coppers, and showed them to her.

"It is not much," she said.

"It's enough, thank you," he responded.

"Good morning," she said suddenly.

He was about to raise his cap, then, as if bethinking himself, dropped his hand.

She had taken half a dozen steps when she became aware that he was following her.

"Now, he will knock me on the head and rob me," she thought; "and serve me right."

But he did not. Instead, he passed her, got the pony, drew it into the road, and gathered the reins for her in quite the groom's manner.

"Thank you," she said.

He touched his cap, but held the reins a moment, instead of giving them to her.

"Can't you tell me what place that is?" he asked, inclining his head to the gates.

"Averleigh Court," said Eva.

"Averleigh Court?" he repeated, as if he had heard the name for the first time. "And who lives there?"

"The Earl of Averleigh," said Eva. Then a sudden thought struck her. "If you are looking for work, perhaps the steward of the estate could give you some. His name is Benson. He lives in a red house at the end of that lane."

"Thank you," said the man; then he looked at her gravely. "But I'm afraid he wouldn't. He'd want a character, wouldn't he?"

"I should think so: yes—certainly."

"Yes," said the tramp, thoughtfully, "and I haven't got one. You see, in London they aren't so particular. I'd better go on, I think."

"Perhaps you had," said Eva. "Give me the reins, please."

"I beg your pardon," he said, as if he had suddenly become aware of the fact that he had been detaining her. He gave her the reins—not in a bundle, but properly placed and separated, and drew back.

"Good morning. I hope you will find work," said Eva.

He looked at her, with deep gravity in his dark eyes.

"Good morning, and thank you, miss," he said.

He stood looking after her for a minute or so: then he hit his pipe, and sauntered back to his lair amongst the bracken, as if with a purpose, and picked up a glove which she had dropped, as if he knew it was there.

It was of dog-skin—a driving-glove, with a gauntlet. Eva had small hands, and the thing looked dainty and feminine as it lay in his palm. It still seemed to possess the shape of the small hand, and to be warm with its warmth. He turned it over, then suddenly threw it away from him.

But, as he stood smoking, thoughtfully, his eyes stole side glances at it as it lay amongst the bracken; and presently—slowly, unwillingly, as if he were forced to do so—he strode to it, picked it up, and thrust it into his breast pocket.

Eva drove on, and the lodge-keeper's wife, with her knitting in her hand, opened the great gates for her, and gave her a respectfully affectionate greeting. As she reached the flight of broad stone steps that led to the hall of the Court, a groom hurried forward to take Prince, and the butler himself, an ecclesiastical-looking personage, came to the open door to receive her; and no sooner had she crossed the threshold, than a tall old lady, with white hair, glided across the hall, and took her hand, and kissed her. It was Lady Janet.

"Good morning, my dear," she said, in a soft and subdued voice that matched her face and form and the plain dress of soft black merino which her ladyship always wore in the morning. "I am glad you have come. How well you look!"—"lovely," and not "well," was the word which almost left her lips. "What a beautiful morning! Give me your hat, dear."

She took it off gently, and tenderly smoothed the girl's rich, silky hair. "Come into my room. I have got the patterns, but I would not use them until you come. Give me your gloves. Why, where is the other?"

Eva shook her head with a little laugh. "I don't know; I must have dropped it."

"Careless child," murmured Lady Janet, lovingly.

As they crossed the hall to the stairs, a door opened, and a tall, bent man, with hair as white as Lady Janet's, came out of the library. The many-colored lights from the great oval window fell upon him, and made a beautiful picture of him set in the fitting surroundings of the oak-panelled walls, the mosaic floor, the vaulted roof, with its tattered flags, and the huge pictures and suits of armor.

The man himself, and the inanimate things around him, were typical of lofty race and ancient lineage. Lord Averleigh was one of those noblemen—they are not so numerous as one might think—who look their rank. In face, gesture, manner and voice, he was every inch an earl.

He was walking with bent head, and eyes fixed on the floor; but at sight of the two ladies he stopped, and, with a courtly bend of his head and an affectionate light in his eyes, he held out his thin, long hand to Eva.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "I am glad you have come."

That was all, but the gentleness, the warmth of the greeting, brought the color to Eva's face. As he passed on the smile which had lit up his weary eyes faded, and gave place to deep melancholy and dejection.

Lady Janet led Eva to his ladyship's room. It was a dainty little apartment, with old world furniture, with books, a piano, and a scent of lavender and rose-leaves.

"Sit down there, dear," she said, indicating a chair in a cool, cosy corner. "Here are the patterns"—she stopped and sighed—"but I have scarcely the heart to choose a new dress—we have had bad news this morning. Poor Edmund!" The earl's name was Edmund. "I did you not see how. My poor brother!"

"Yes," said Eva, in a low voice. "I—I am so sorry. What is it?" But she thought she knew.

"It is about—about Heriot, his son, my nephew," said Lady Janet, in a low voice, and with the sweet old face averted so that Eva should not see the tears in her eyes. "There has come some more bad news—it is always bad news, alas!—this morning."

"I am very sorry, dear Lady Janet," said Eva, and she leaned forward and took the thin, worn hand.

"Thank you, my dear. Yes, it is—dreadful! I cannot tell what will be the end of it! It will break my brother's heart. He is so proud, so mindful of the family name, so sensitive as to its honor. And—and—the disgrace, the shame is killing him!"

Eva raised the hand to her soft cheek and caressed it pityingly.

"I—know something about it," she said in a whisper. "My father told me."

"Yes," said Lady Janet. "Everybody knows. All the world! That—that makes it so hard to endure. If it were our secret, if no one knew but ourselves, we could bear it better."

"Is—is he so very bad? Perhaps he will reform, get better?" said Eva.

Lady Janet shook her head.

"My dear, I am afraid not; and yet I can not give up all hope. I—oh, my dear, he was so dear to me! He was so bright and handsome a boy and so—so warm-hearted." The tears filled her eyes. "I was always fond of him, and—and took his part, and have always hoped even against hope. But Edmund has given him up now. This last shameful affair is the last straw. He has sent for Stannard Marshbank."

Eva caressed the worn hand.

"And that means that my brother has cast poor Heriot off for ever."

"Mr. Marshbank is the next heir?" said Eva.

"Yes, and till now the earl has not seen him, not for years—there has been a coldness: it is a family quarrel. I can't tell you all, my dear. Mr. Marshbank will be here to-morrow, and Edmund will tell him that he is to have all that Edmund can leave to him. Of course Heriot must have the title and the estates. Thank God, he cannot get rid of those! I am afraid that he would, if he could. The things he does! This last scandal is in all the papers. My brother read it in the Times. Before a police magistrate—the heir to the title, oh, it is dreadful! But"—wiping her eyes—"I must not weary and saddea you with our troubles, my dear. You look"—she gazed at the beautiful face, the graceful figure in its white gown—"as if trouble should not be permitted to come near you. Now for the patterns; you have such exquisite taste, Edmund says that you acquired it in France, partly, but not altogether, for your father always had such perfect taste. Choose me something quite simple, dear. I am quite nervous when I think of to-morrow, and Stannard Marshbank. It will be so trying an interview for Edmund. He—he never liked Mr. Marshbank I—I don't know why. That is pretty—oh, how can I think of dress at such a time as this! But I make you sad, dear, and I must not do that. Edmund would never forgive me. How glad I am that you came to live with your father! It is like having a daughter in our old age."

She bent and kissed the lovely face, and Eva returned the kiss.

They sat and talked—Eva chose the dress and ordered it—until lunch time came, and then went down to the morning room in which it was served.

The earl met them in the hall and gave his arm to Eva. If he had been enduring mental and physical agonies unspeakable, he would have not neglected one act of courtesy due from him; and he sat at the end of the table and talked to her as if there were nothing on his mind, no secret, carking care eating out his heart. To suffer and be silent was noblesse oblige with him.

"Tell your father that I think there will be a good supply of birds this year, my dear," he said, "and that I shall expect him to exert himself when the 1st of September comes. He used to be an admirable shot. Let me give you some of these strawberries; they are finer than usual, I think. But you have some good beds at White Cot, and these will seem poor to you. And have you chosen Janet's dress for her? What should we do without you, my dear?"

He even laughed, in a soft, subdued way, once or twice as if to dispel the melancholy which brooded over the place, and which ought not to touch this beautiful, exquisite girlhood. Eva understood, and could have taken his hand in hers and kissed it. Her tender, sympathetic heart was full of pity for him as he sat there erect, and calm, and patient, with the calm and patience of the stoic.

The butler, who had also read the account in the Times, and the footman, quite as well informed, managed to convey a respectful sympathy in their ministrations, and hung round the white-haired old man

as if they could console him with clear soup, the choicest entrees, and the rarest wines.

After lunch she and Lady Janet went into the conservatory, in which the old lady was graciously permitted to "potter about," as the gardener termed it; and Lady Janet gathered some rare blossoms for the girl she loved so warmly.

"Though you have flowers in plenty at White Cot, my dear," she said, apologetically. "And you have some grapes. Where are my scissors? Oh! here they are, in my chatelaine."

"But not all those, dear Lady Janet," said Eva.

"Why not, dear? There are more than we can use, and Mr. Anderson"—Mr. Anderson was the stern and awfully dignified Scotch head gardener—"never knows what to do with them."

"Well, then, may I take some to those people on the common?" said Eva. "The woman has been very ill. I will drive round that way home."

"You shall do what you please with them, dear," said Lady Janet. "But, Eva, my child, is it not a very rough road? And there is that dreadful grave pit. I don't like you to go that way."

Eva laughed.

"Prince is the quietest of princes," she said, "and besides, I can hold him, even if he should take it into his head to run away."

She wandered round the garden with Lady Janet for some little time. She was, indeed, loth to go, for she knew that her presence cheered and comforted her friend; but at last, Prince was brought to the door.

The earl himself came out to hand her to the seat, and he looked up at her with affectionate admiration.

"I hope your pony is quiet, my dear. He is quiet, I hope, Saunders?" he added, to the groom, who stood, like a statue in cords, at the pony's head.

"Yes, my lord—for an Exmoor. But he has too much corn, my lord."

Eva laughed confidently as she took the reins, and, after bending down to kiss Lady Janet, drove away.

The road to the hovel in which lived the poor woman for whom she intended the hot-house grapes was rough, as Lady Janet had said; but she drove carefully, and was smiling inwardly at Lady Janet's fears, when a hare started from a bush of rushes off the left, and, running straight under Prince's feet, made him shy and dash forward.

Eva, who knew all his tricks and affectations, tightened her hold, and was bringing him up to a more sober gait, when she felt something give in her hands, and knew that the reins had either broken or become unfastened at the bit-ring. The next moment she knew, also, that Prince, frightened by the sudden absence of the check, had bolted in stern earnest.

She sat quite still, with the useless reins in her hands, and was so little frightened that she even smiled.

But suddenly the smile died away, and her lips twitched, for she saw that Prince was steering straight for the wretched gravel-pit with which every common is ornamented.

CHAPTER V.

EVA'S first thought as she saw death confronting her was of her father. What a terrible shock it would be to him—who hated shocks and scenes of all kinds—when she should be brought in lifeless.

Then for a moment a horror of death, on her own account, seized her, and her face went white.

She looked round wildly for help, but not a soul was to be seen. There were only a few small cottages on the edge of the common, and even if she were seen by anyone standing at the door or window of one of them, he could not render her any assistance; long before he could reach her she would be lying at the bottom of that awful pit.

She shuddered and closed her eyes, but she could not keep them closed; a terrible fascination compelled her to gaze at the spot to which she was being carried so swiftly that the bushes of gorse seemed to fly past her at lightning speed. She tried to pray, but the words froze on her lips, and suddenly nerved by sheer despair, she raised her head and sat straight as an arrow to meet her fate as became an English gentlewoman.

It was at this moment, when she had given up all hope, that she became conscious of, rather than distinctly saw, a figure spring from behind one of the low, yellow-blossomed bushes, and heard a shout of warning.

She tried to cry for help in response, but her voice seemed to have deserted her.

The man who had risen from the ground stood for the shadow of a second looking at her, then he sprang forward and commenced running, not towards her, but towards the pit.

Eva saw him, and a wild hope rose within her, then it sank again, for she felt that it was a simple impossibility for him to reach the brink before the swift pony, going now at racing speed. She tried to check Prince with the rein, but her hands were shaking and seemed to have lost all strength.

She was sorely tempted to sink into the bottom of the cart and close her eyes; it would be easier than facing death, but she could not move or take her eyes from the man who was running at an angle with her.

That it was a man was all her frozen senses could gather, but it was borne in upon her that he was running very swiftly, and that he ran as she once seen a professional at some athletic sports.

In the midst of her own dread of the coming end she felt sorry for him; it would be such a disappointment to him to be just a moment—or would it be only a second?—too late.

She clutched the rail of the cart with one hand, and, at last, uttered a faint, piteous cry as she saw the line of yellow gravel which indicated the edge of the pit. In another minute all would be over.

"Father, father!" rose to her lips. "Father, save me!" and she dropped the reins and covered her eyes with her hands.

As they neared the brink Prince saw his danger, and suddenly sobered, tried to pull up, but the impetus of his speed was too great, and, bathed in sweat, he threw up his foam-flecked head and snorted with mad terror. The shrill cry, almost human, ran through Eva, and, utterly overcome, she sank into the cart.

As she did so the man who had been running the race with Death put on a fresh spurt, and, coming up almost alongside of the pony, made a dash at its bit.

He missed, but Prince, startled by the spring, swerved aside. The man either groaned or swore an inarticulate exclamation of anger and disappointment; then, as the pony's forefeet were within a yard of the pit, he sprang at the pony with almost force enough to knock it down, and clutching the bit with both hands, literally jammed the animal on to its haunches.

The strength brought to bear was so great that he himself went down on his knees, but he still held the bit, and, springing to his feet again, forced the struggling pony round and away from the peril.

Thus they stood for a brief moment, man and beast, breathing hard, streaming with perspiration, and quivering in every limb; the slight cart shook with the tremor.

Eva knew that she was saved, and fought hard against the deathlike faintness which threatened her; but she was only half conscious, and heard, as in a dream, a voice saying—

"It is all right. Don't be afraid! You are not hurt? Look; see for yourself!"

The voice seemed familiar to her, and she rose and stood upright, looking through a mist at first; then, when the mist cleared from her eyes, she saw that the man who had saved her life was the tramp with whom she had talked in the morning.

She struggled for breath, for composure, and the man's manner helped her to regain them. Still holding the pony with one hand—though Prince needed no holding now—he drew off his scarf with the other, and wiped his face and neck, and as coolly as if he had been running a race for half-a-crown, said—

"That was a narrow squeak! He can move! I should enter him for the next local races, if I were you!" Then, as he saw her self-possession coming back to her, he added quietly, and in almost a tone of command—

"Get down; you will feel better when you are standing on firm ground."

Eva got down. Even the ground seemed anything but firm—indeed, it appeared to be tearing along, and carrying her with it; and, to prevent it, she caught hold of the cart.

The man stood quite still, and looked away from her with a delicacy rather rare in a tramp. At last, Eva found her voice, but, as she tried to speak, her sense of the thing he had done, the gratitude of a tender-hearted girl, overwhelmed her.

"Oh, what can I say to you?" she said, with a little, piteous movement of her hands infinitely touching. It seemed to touch the tramp, for the blood rushed to his face, and he looked at her strangely. "How—how brave of you!" she breathed, brokenly. "You—you might have been forced over the edge." She shuddered, and turned her eyes away from the pit. "As it was, you were nearly over. I—I can't thank you as—as I ought, but—oh, I am very grateful!" Then, as might have been expected, her eyes filled with tears. She allowed them to run down her face, unregarded, for a moment, and their presence made the man intensely uncomfortable.

For the first time he seemed to lose his coolness.

"Don't say any more about it; don't think of it; try and forget it."

"Forget it!" She turned her lovely eyes upon him, almost indignantly.

"I would, if I were you; it will only upset you. As for me," he smiled, "there's nothing to make a fuss about. To tell you the truth, I enjoyed it. I hadn't had a good spin for some time. If I hadn't been so infernally out of condition, I should have stopped him long ago, and you wouldn't have been at all frightened; so that it was my fault, you see. You behaved very well," he went on, with a nod. "I saw you didn't turn color till nearly the end. And now it's all right, don't you know, and—and you're not going to faint or break down, are you?"

She looked at him, and tried to smile at the coaxing tone of his calm, assured voice; it was as if he were talking to a child who had been nearly frightened to death.

"You—you are trying to make light of it," she said, with a little catch in her breath; "but I know—of course I know—that you have saved me from a terrible—oh, horrible death! You must—you must come home with me—to my father."

"What for?" he said, quietly.

She looked at him with surprise.

"He will be able to thank you—oh, indeed, he will thank you? And I—I am too upset——"

"There's no need for that," he said, "as I said before. Oh, did you think I was going to sit still, and not make a run for it? You don't happen to have a flask with you? No"—with something like contempt—"women never have. And I have not, either, as luck will have it. A drop of brandy would put you all right. But you are pulling round already, I see. That's right."

At another time, less strained, Eva would have noticed that the man was talking to her as if to an equal; not with an intrusive advantage of his heroic deed, but with a quiet, well-bred tone of equality. But she noticed nothing excepting that something in his voice, something firmly yet gently persuasive, was helping her to collect her scattered senses.

"Where do you live?" he said, after a pause, during which Eva's eyes had never left his face; and he put the question in a rougher voice, as if he suddenly remembered the difference between them.

"At White Cot—the house on the moor, there," she said, raising her hand, and pointing. He saw that it still quivered.

"A house amongst some firs? I know. Well, if you feel better, how would it be if you walked home? You'd rather, I expect. I'll bring the pony."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" she said; then she hesitated. "My father—he would be frightened."

He nodded. "I see. Yes, of course. Well, then, if you'll get in, I'll drive you to the gate. You could drive yourself, for he's quiet enough now." Prince was at that moment nibbling the short, sweet grass of the common, as if nothing of any consequence had happened. "He won't want any more running to-day. That's the best of these Exmoors—they've the pluck of the devil. What made him bolt? Oh, I see—rein unfastened. A cart-horse would bolt with that, to say nothing of one this gentleman's breed. I should like to have the man who harnessed him all to myself for five minutes;" and, for the first time, his eyes flashed and his face darkened.

He had been talking to give her time to recover herself, and, when he had finished, he drew the pony round, facing home, arranged the dust-rug, and held out his hand to help her up.

As she got in, she felt his hand close over hers with a strong, encouraging grip, and, with a kind of thrill, she felt as if he had sent some of his wonderful strength and coolness into her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANCE has 7,842,653 houses, of which more than half have but one story, 221,799 have three stories and 96,487 only four stories or more.

Bric-a-Brac.

ADDRESS.—Emperors and empresses kings and queens, write to each other as brothers and sisters. Reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honors are designated as cousins.

AMONG THE MAORIS.—Should a great misfortune overtake a Maori, such as the death of his favorite child, his relatives are allowed to dispossess him of all his goods, and if needs be of the very roof which shelters him. He must pay for the honor conferred on him by being specially looked down upon by the gods.

JEWSHARPS.—Jewsharps are made chiefly in Boccorio, the seat of the industry since the sixteenth century. A good workman can make seven dozen in a day, and, simple as the little instruments are, no less than twenty tools are employed in their manufacture, including anvil, hammer, tongs and so on. There are, moreover, twenty-four distinct operations.

WALKER.—The surname "Walker," a contemporary tells us, has nothing to do with pedestrian ideas, but had its origin in trade and occupation, like other familiar names, such as "Smith," "Farmer," "Bowyer," "Fisher," and so on. "Walker" is a common surname in Yorkshire, as will be understood when its connection with the industry of that region is explained. It is of Flemish derivation. A man who worked at the walke—walche—or fulling-mill was a walker: and in early Manchester directories all the fullers and cloth-dressers were called walkers.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—When dogs, cats and other animals carried long distances on cars and steamers, sometimes confined in bags and baskets, can, without asking any questions, find their way home, and birds traveling thousands of miles come back year after year to the same nests, and carrier pigeons to their dovecotes, it is pretty sure that they know some things to a knowledge of which no human being has yet attained. There is a vast field of animal intelligence to be studied, and the more we study the more we shall be filled with wonder and admiration.

ANCIENT ROMAN WINES.—A curious account of ancient Roman wines was written towards the end of his life by M. Grenier of the Paris Constitutionel, who died a few days ago. It appears that all our preconceived ideas as to wine must be abandoned in thinking of these liquids. They were rather to be compared to the sweetened drinks and even to the confections of our own day, being either sweet by nature or rendered so by mixing with them a compound of various solid substances. Honey, cheese, essence of flowers, and many other ingredients were thus used, and in such quantities as often to convert the wine into a sort of jelly.

IDOLS.—An idol's head of baked clay has been found in the sand dunes near Tangier, where it was laid bare by the wind. The mouth is large and wide open, the eyes small, the cranium very small, the brow retreating, and the back of the head flat. It is said to have in extraordinary degree a likeness to idols found in Mexico, particularly to the god called Xipe. Eyes and ears are very little modelled, and on the top of the head is a pointed object. Xipe was a god worshiped on the coast of Mexico with rites of uncommon cruelty; he was also the god of smiths and goldworkers. His human sacrifices were flayed alive. The Tangier idol has been decorated with gold mica. The discovery may revive old theories of a primitive connection between the Phœnicians and the Indians of Central America.

A DOG STORY.—A Georgia paper tells a sad story. Charles Stafford owned a faithful dog which gave birth to a litter of seven puppies. The faithful mother dog was one day poisoned by some incarnate fiend. The little innocent puppies became poisoned by their mother's milk, and one by one they shuffled off this mortal coil. As the baby dogs died, the fond old mother dug a hole in the ground and buried them, until finally there was not one left to say "we are seven." All that remained were seven graves side by side in the field. The mother felt that the end was near and repaired to the burying ground, where she laid down among the little bunch of graves, and surely, but slowly, sank into that bourne from which no dog returns. Mr. Stafford buried the mother by the side of her litter, and there is a touch of sadness that comes over every one when they are shown the graves and are told of the devotion and death of the faithful watchdog.

TO DREAMING.

BY W. W. LORD.

Her cheek is like the crimson rose,
The queenly rose of June;
Her hand is like the lily white,
Her voice is music's tune.

Her eyes are like the stars of night,
Amid the heavens gleaming;
Her laughter ripples through my life,
And sets my soul to dreaming.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAIDMENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DR. MEREDITH was feeling aggrieved. His horse had gone dead lame, and his tricycle, with which he tried to supply the place of a second steed, had, he had discovered that morning, a broken tyre on one of the wheels. He had been compelled, with a few private expressions of his feelings, to send it to be mended, and he was now tramping the length of a country lane on foot. This was by no means a satisfactory arrangement for a doctor whose every moment was filled up, and more than filled up, with claims on his time and attention which overlapped each other, so to speak, from seven o'clock in the morning to any hour of the night. And he may be forgiven for allowing his irritation to appear on his face as he splashed through the mud.

It was April, and the main roads were dry, but lanes overarched with brambles and trees are apt to take their own time to become passable in comfort. This especial lane was known as the "Hollow Holes," and well deserved its designation. It was pretty enough in summer; the few tourists who found their way to that out of the way corner of Devon unanimously pronounced it "charming." It was they further declared, the very picture of a Devonshire lane.

The dwellers in and near Mary Combe—which was the time honored local contraction of Combe Saint Mary—thought otherwise. They regarded it with varying degrees of distaste; the villagers looking upon it as one of their trials, which, being inseparable from the lot of man on this globe, must therefore be endured with passive resistance; the "gentry" spending much angry breath in vituperation of overseers, highways boards, road surveyors, and all and sundry who might be supposed to be responsible for its condition, and for the fact that it was, from one direction, the only approach to the village.

Dr. Meredith had taken his fair share in this said vituperation before now, but at this present moment he was not reasoning about its cause; he was solely occupied in blaming the ill luck which led him through the Hollow Holes on a day when he had the great misfortune to be on foot. It was now nearly one o'clock, and Dr. Meredith had been up and hard at work since half past seven.

He had just ended a six miles' tramp; he was tired, worried, and hungry; this morning he had only had time for a very scrambling and scanty breakfast; he was still a good quarter of an hour from home, and had yet another patient to see before he could hope to reach it. On this state of things the delay caused by the stickiness of the Hollow Holes came like the proverbial last straw. Dr. Meredith gave way to a muttered exclamation as he splashed himself for the second time in extricating himself from a cart track, and strode ahead with angry vigor. But with the exclamation his mind made a sort of rebound from this its last irritation, and, as an overworked brain will often do, fell back on its more serious subjects of worry.

He pulled a little pocketbook from his breast pocket, unfastening it hastily, and ran his eye along the closely written list of his afternoon's engagements.

"Let me see," he said to himself, in a sort of half whisper which was as anxious and irritated as was his face. "If I get off by two, that ought to do me. Old Fordham promised to have his beast ready by then, and if I make the old hack go, I might get the Wootton and Kingsgrave work through by four. That would let me get the Norton people, old Bury's daughter, and Matthews seen in time to take the Grange and Jennie Asheroft on my way back, and get home by seven, I think. I must, that's all. For I must be ready for the club by then, and I equally must see all these people to day. I must be sharp in starting, though, or it'll be a tight fit."

At this instant a quavering old church clock at some little distance began to sound the first of a series of struggling strokes. Its sound floated uncertainly across the soft spring air, and Dr. Meredith broke off in his reflections to count the strokes instinctively. There were two for each quarter.

"A quarter to one," he said to himself hopefully, as the third set quavered out. "That'll do!" But the fourth began as the words were uttered. "One! By all that's good!" he exclaimed, "I shan't get much more than a look at any lunch!"

With the redoubled energy of a man for whom a quarter of an hour more or less is of serious importance, he quickened his pace until it was as fast as any walk, which is not a run, may be.

Three minutes later he had come to the end of the Hollow Holes and into the bright glare of the April sunshine. Immediately in front of him lay a broad, irregular common, with a rough track running across it. On one side of the track was a pond, gleaming in the April sun like a mirror, and round it a brood of ducks was being mercilessly chased by a little group of children in pinafores.

"Here!" shouted Dr. Meredith, "you go home to your dinners and leave those ducks to get theirs, or I shall come and see your mothers!"

With an alacrity that proved Dr. Meredith to be a power in their eyes, the pinafores scattered themselves in the direction of the cottages which lay on the edge of the common.

Dr. Meredith strode on to where the rough track left the common abruptly. Here, as if to mark its increased dignity, it was mended with stones. That is to say, a great heap of them had been cast down upon the worst part of it, and then left for the passer by to walk over or avoid at his will. He took the circuitous little track which proved that most people preferred the latter course, and entered upon a village street.

It very confidently asserted itself to be a street, and for the dwellers in it doubtless preserved all the characteristics which represented that term to their minds. Resolved into its component parts, it was a fairly broad road, bordered on either side with cottages of various sizes and forms, most of them set back in gardens; gardens so irregular and varying in shape that the edge of the road was by them made to consist of a curving line, meandering from a yew hedge which enclosed a fair sized garden to a paling which shut in a narrow strip of potato ground, and so on throughout the length of the whole street. Here and there the line was broken by larger houses than the cottages; small farmhouses, with their small yards and "buildings" at their backs, and a few houses evidently belonging to the "lettermost" inhabitants of Mary Combe.

Dr. Meredith walked up the street quickly. It was very empty and silent, the whole population being more or less engaged in using the "dinner hour" to the best advantage. About five hundred yards from the entrance to the street he stopped. On his left was a house standing back in a long yard, and the contents of the yard—heaps of planks, a half made wagon, and a small cart which had lost a shaft—proclaimed its owner's calling plainly even without the "Thomas Wilson, carpenter," inscribed on a board over a house door. Dr. Meredith opened the yard gate, strode through it, and knocked sharply with his knuckles on the house door. The knock was unanswered. He waited a moment, and then, lifting the latch, he entered.

"Wilson!" he said in a raised voice, "Wilson?"

At the end of the narrow stone passage appeared a man in his shirt sleeves; a man whose harassed, anxious face lightened considerably as he saw Dr. Meredith. The latter wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Well, my good fellow," he said tersely, "I suppose I can go up? How is the wife, eh?"

The shadow that had lifted itself from the man's countenance fell again heavily.

"I was just putting on my coat to come for you sir," he said. "She's been very bad all this morning. Yes, sir, go up, if you please."

"I'm sorry for that," was the response, and almost before the words were spoken, Dr. Meredith had turned up a narrow stair which he evidently knew well, and with a word of announcement had opened the door of a room at its head. It was a small, neat room, which gave an impression of containing absolutely nothing but a bed, on which lay a woman's figure propped up with pillows. The window was opposite the door, and through it the full strength of the spring sun fell on Dr. Meredith, and lighted up every detail of his face and person. His figure was tall and broad; there was a certain "well set up" air about his bearing that gave an impression of quick, alert movements, and at the same time betokened in him the possession of considerable dignity and self-respect.

It would be difficult, evidently, to presume upon Dr. Meredith's good opinion; and he would be a bold man who thought of attempting it. But if any stranger had, from this, reasoned that Dr. Meredith was stiff or ungenial, the impression would have been quickly dissipated by his face. It was a very pleasant face, not only in feature, though persons who described Dr. Meredith as "good-looking" were neither wanting nor in error when they did so. Its expression was at once keen, sympathetic, and strong. And the three characteristics seemed to find scope to display themselves everywhere—in his firm mouth, which was not concealed by the very small moustache he wore; in his square forehead, and his keen eyes, in which last they were all accentuated and deepened by a touch of quick humor. It was a face that deserved trust quite as much as respect; and in the eight months that had elapsed since he came to Mary Combe its inhabitants had learned to give Dr. Meredith both.

He stepped quietly up to the bed, and as he did so every trace of of the irritation and worry that had possessed him in his walk disappeared as completely as if they had never been. A voice, face, and manner that were wholly kindly and sympathetic greeted the woman before him. He might have had an hour to spare instead of being pressed for every moment.

She was a young woman of about twenty-three; evidently in the last stages of decline, and as evidently unaware of the fact, but possessed wholly by that pathetic incontrovertible hopefulness which is one of the inevitable signs of the end.

"Wilson's been worrying me to let him go for you all the morning, sir," she began. "My cough's been rather bad, and I thought I'd keep up here; but I seem better in myself. It's just the wind's turned colder, I make no doubt."

"No doubt, Mrs. Wilson!" was the cheery answer. "And now, let's see what it has done to you."

Ten minutes later, Dr. Meredith descended the narrow stairs again, to find Wilson waiting for him below.

"What do you think of her, sir?" was his anxious question.

"I think she's low this morning, my man, certainly," Dr. Meredith said. "But keep your spirits up, and hers, too. I'll change her medicine if you'll send one of your boys up at once for it. And I'll look in again this evening some time."

Without waiting for Wilson's thanks, Dr. Meredith strode on up the street; and as he walked the worried expression reasserted itself like a returning cloud.

"Mrs. Wilson!" he murmured. "Where on earth can I get her in this evening? I will, though! That's certain. Now for some lunch. I shall do it yet by two."

He stopped as he spoke at a house standing further back from the street than any he had yet passed. It was surrounded by a brick wall, a gate in which he opened and walked through a fair sized garden to the front door. It stood ajar, he pushed it open hastily, entered, and opened a door on his right hand. This he let fall together again with a sound of irritation.

"Mrs. French!" he called, loudly. "Mrs. French! I'm waiting, please, and in a great hurry!"

With these words he went back into the room into which he had glanced and sat down at the end of a table, where a tray covered with a white cloth, and bearing the modest burden of one single silver fork, seemed to indicate a dim future prospect of luncheon.

"I do believe no woman knows what punctuality means!" he ejaculated angrily. "When I told her, too, the last thing, that I should be hurried!"

His further soliloquy was broken in upon by a complicated sound, something like a machine getting into working order; a combination of a heavy, irregular footfall, a clinking of spoons and glass, and the rattle of a dish-cover on a dish too large for it; the whole combined with a quick series of breathless gasps. This combination gave Dr. Meredith some satisfaction, for his face decidedly lightened as the door was opened by a foot, and the working power of the combination, a figure bearing a tray entered.

"It's very late, Mrs. French," he said sternly, as the figure, which was that of a portly woman of fifty-five or so, proceeded to add the items of her tray to the forlorn silver fork. "I said a quarter-past one, and it's more like half-past, now."

"I know you did, sir, and that's the truth; but I've been that harassed and put about this morning sir, with sending after you, that I've got a bit behind, in consequence."

The last two words were Mrs. French's great weapons in the battle of life. She considered that, pronounced with due and slow emphasis, they, in themselves, constituted a perfectly unanswerable climax to an argument; and she therefore wielded them in season and out of season with a serene unconsciousness of their futility.

Dr. Meredith, while she spoke, was arranging the dish and plate she brought with his own hands, for the promotion of more haste. He stopped short, however, as she ended, and turned sharply round.

"Sending after me!" he said hastily, "what for, Mrs. French? Who have you sent after me?"

"Lor, you never mean to say you've not met Bill Strong, sir! And I sent him a quarter after twelve, I having told him you were to the best of my knowledge gone to Knott's Green up the Hollow Holes; he said he'd go, in consequence."

"Who wanted me? What did he come for?"

Mrs French was standing with the dish-cover in her hand all this time, and the only way in which she seemed able to meet this terse question was by a gesture that included this useful article.

"Why, sir, he brought a note for you to go to Mr. Marlitt's lodge, sir. Saunders, the gamekeeper, has had an accident, Bill says—serious, it's like to be, from what I could judge."

"Never mind what it's likely to be! When did he arrive?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir; that I couldn't say. But that ain't all, sir; while he was talkin' to me a man came from Stoke Vere Rectory; he brought a message, would you go as soon as you could, the Reverend Swinton has hurt his wrist or something o' that. An I gave Bill that message, too, as he was goin', and sent the man back home again."

"Anything else?" Dr. Meredith spoke with a grim terseness which was quiteiost on Mrs. French. She was wont to describe her master as a "short, quick, gentleman," and this, to her, embraced every phase of feeling on Dr. Meredith's part.

"No, sir," she answered; "nothing of no importance. Only Mary Brown's grandchild drank a lot of the old man's cough stuff by mistake, and she sent here after you. But Alfred Johnson's gone along to her, sir."

"Then Mary Brown's grandchild is settled for ever by this time!" muttered Dr. Meredith under his breath. At the same moment he rose from his scarcely-tasted lunch and pushed his chair away. "Fordham's horse will be here for me directly," he said. "When they bring it, tell them to saddle it at once, please."

He seized his hat and went hurriedly out of the front door, and down the village street in the direction of the dwelling of the aforesaid Mary Brown at a pace which, if they had not been accustomed to seeing him always in a hurry, would have startled the phlegmatic male population of Mary Combe, which was just setting out for its afternoon work.

Alfred Johnson was a boy of eighteen, of "superior" parentage in Mary Combe, who had been taken on, at his own earnest request, by Dr. Meredith, to learn something of dispensing, in order to try for a dispenser's situation later on. Believing the boy to be fairly intelligent, Dr. Meredith had sanguine'y hoped that some slight lessening of lab r to himself might be the result. He had long realized how much too sanguine he had been, and he had further laid strict orders on the youth in question never to meddle with anything or anybody, on his own account.

A quarter of an hour later he returned, mounted his waiting horse, and set off twenty minutes later on the round that had already been so full of pressing appointments that it could hold no more, with two more to be squeezed in, and Mrs. Wilson to be seen on his way home.

He left the village by the opposite direction from that of the Hollow Holes, and the horse was soon answering to his hand along a good high-road, that gleamed white and dusty in the afternoon sun.

"Goodness only knows how this is to be done!" he said wearily to himself, as he tried for the third time to rearrange the work before him, so as to make it take in the two extra appointments. "It must be, that's all I know! But I can't do it by myself much longer, and that's all about it.

The practice is far beyond one man's power. And there's more work to be had if I could only get through it." He broke off with a short laugh, which echoed rather sarcastically in the afternoon air. "What's the use of talking about 'can't,' though?" he added grimly; "it's no good thinking of help, for it simply won't run to it. No, my boy, you must hammer along by yourself. I'd better go to the Marlitts' first and that'll be done," he said, checking his horse, and turning it sharply into a side lane that led off the high-road.

It was nearly six o'clock when Dr. Meredith and the horse, both with an air of weariness about them, found themselves at the entrance of a village about three miles from Mary Combe, Stoke Vere by name. It was arranged on much the same promiscuous sort of principle as the former, its houses straggled up much the same sort of long flowery street, which culminated, as it were, in the church.

By its side, almost under its shadow, stood the Rectory, a new, smartly-built house that harmonized oddly indeed with the sedate grey beauty of the little old church.

Dr. Meredith rode up the street and turned at the Rectory gate. It led him into a drive which ran through a garden bright and trim with April flowers.

"What can the old fellow have done to himself?" mused Dr. Meredith as he walked his horse between the scented flower beds. "Some of his archæological gymnastics are at the bottom of it, probably!"

He reached the front door and dismounted. With the reins in his hand he was just looking about for something to tie them to while he rang the bell, when he was startled by the sound of a voice at his elbow.

"Dr. Meredith!" it said. "I'm glad you've come."

He turned quickly. Beside him stood a girl of nineteen, dressed in a blue serge frock. This was by no means so ingenuous an attire as might be imagined. Miss Rose Swinton took care to have all her "things" made according to the very newest lights she knew of, and there were all of these in the elaborations of her blue gown. She knew herself to be a pretty girl, and she had long ago ordained that her prettiness should be set off to the best possible advantage. A great deal of red-brown hair, a pair of large, wide open eyes, and a pretty mouth, made up a very attractive whole. The beautiful hair was "done up" in the newest and most elaborate fashion, to correspond with her gown; and the hand she held out to Dr. Meredith was poised at an angle carefully studied from what she had learned, in a recent visit to London, as to the habits of "smart people." One of the ambitions of Rose Swinton's life was to be considered "smart."

Her days were at her own disposal, for she was the mistress of the Rectory. Mrs. Swinton had died at Rose's birth, and the only other daughter had long been married. Most of her father's spare time was absorbed in the archæological pursuits which were his one mania; therefore, save for the very slight amount of parish work she did to please her father, she was free to cultivate "smartness" to her heart's content, and to gather about her to that end all the younger members of the neighboring clerical families who chanced to sympathize with her longings.

"I began to think that you had not got my message," she continued.

"I did not get it so soon as you intended," he answered. "But I am sorry I could not have got here earlier in any case. I hope——"

Rose Swinton interrupted him.

"Come in," she cried, "and I'll send Joseph to your horse. Father is in his study. We've not seen a single soul all day; he and I have been absolutely alone together—a dull fate for the poor dear thing, even before this happened."

She was preceding him along a passage as she spoke, and breaking off, she turned and threw a glance over her shoulder, a glance that seemed to invite him to contradict her, and she gave a smile which showed a lovely row of even white teeth.

Dr. Meredith, apparently, did not see the glance. He made no response, but seemed to arouse himself from a sort of abstraction, as he said quickly:

"How did your father meet with this accident, Miss Swinton?"

"You know what he is," was the answer, given with a light and very pretty laugh. "He was up a ladder, deciphering some inscription or rather in the church; it slipped, and he fell. Fortunately it was a very short one. But how he got off with nothing but a hurt wrist, I can't conceive. Here we are," she added, stopping before a door. "Go in, will you, Dr. Meredith, and I'll go and see about some tea for you."

Paying not the slightest attention to Dr. Meredith's emphatic statement as to the haste he was in to get back, Rose Swinton walked rapidly across the passage towards the drawing room and rang the bell for tea. She was accustomed to disregard people's assertions if they chanced to differ with her own point of view.

There was a smile on her pretty face which very thinly covered considerable irritation, when Dr. Meredith emerged from Mr. Swinton's study, followed by his patient, and prepared then and there to take his leave of Rose, who stood waiting in the doorway opposite to welcome him to tea.

"No, thank you, Miss Rose," he said, "Indeed, it's absolutely out of the question, I'm glad to tell you that your father's wrist is not put out. It is only a very severe wrench and bruise. But, my dear sir," he added, turning to Mr. Swinton, "it is a perfect miracle that it is no worse. You surely should forswear ladders."

Mr. Swinton, a quiet, meek-looking man of about sixty, assented patiently to this remark. Mr. Swinton's way of meeting life had been to assent patiently to all it brought him, including his daughter.

And he found it both well and necessary to pursue this quiet course of action for some moments after Dr. Meredith had said a final good-bye. The latter, meanwhile, was urging the weary energies of "Fordham's beast," to the utmost limit compatible with consideration for them. And, by dint of so doing, he contrived to reach Mary Combe and his own house by five minutes to seven, leaving himself thereby just time to dismount and take his way to his small consulting room, in time for a group of "club patients," who expected him on two nights a week to be ready and desirous to listen to their account of whatever ills they might be enduring, and to assuage them, then and there, for ever.

This process was over at half-past eight, and then Dr. Meredith went out to give Mrs. Wilson that second "look in" which he had promised. This done, he sat down at length to a meal, which was nominally dinner, but which, by reason of its long delayed and much over-cooked condition, presented scarcely enough substance to be called by that name. He gave up the effort to get through Mrs. French's frizzled cookery, and fell back on bread and cheese, glancing at intervals as he ate towards a door at the end of the room, with an expression of weariness that seemed to say that his thoughts were occupied with some further duty that remained to be done on the other side of that door. Such, in truth, was the fact. The door communicated with the rooms that he used as surgery and consulting room, and no sooner had he ended his meal, than he rose and took his way through it into the surgery to do some dispensing, and to undo whatever confusion Alfred Johnson's efforts might have prepared for him in the course of the afternoon.

Mrs. French and the girl who helped her "do for" Dr. Meredith, came in and cleared away the remains of his meal, and then Mrs. French, whose experience of life had induced in her a great respect for what she called her "proper rest," took herself and the girl to enter upon it, leaving the house quiet and still. The only sound in the sitting room was the crackling of the small fire, pleasant enough in the chill of the spring night, when flames flickered cheerfully on every detail. It was a square room, with ugly old-fashioned fittings; a heavy oak dado and cornice, both painted a mustard-colored yellow; and a red flock paper.

The house itself was old. It was one of those curious old houses which are to be found in some parts of England, in almost every village; the former dwellings of that race of small landed gentry that has so nearly passed away. It had been standing empty for a long time; in consequence of that, and various structural defects Dr. Meredith had obtained it at a low rent.

But none of its rather ugly fittings could make the room seem other than comfortable. Dr. Meredith's possessions; his neat writing table, his book-cases, his easy chair, and one or two good pictures, gave it an air of life that was pleasant enough.

It was striking eleven by the same old quavering church clock, whose quarters he had counted in the Hollow Holes at one o'clock, when Dr. Meredith re-entered his sitting room. His face was white with actual weariness, and his brow was drawn into a sharp frown from fatigue. He let the door fall together behind him, and walked slowly towards the table in the middle of the room, dragged out a chair from it with a weary awkwardness and let himself fall into it heavily. He sat there silently, resting his two elbows on the table, and supporting his chin in his hands for several minutes.

"It's more than one man can do, with the best will in the world!" he said at length, with a sort of hopeless groan. "And what on earth am I to do, I should like to know! I can't coin the screw to pay an assistant. I wish I could, that's all!"

He stared steadily at the red flock paper as if vaguely hoping that an answer of some sort might evoke itself from the very walls. At last he rose languidly, and taking the lamp, placed it on his writing-table.

"I'll write before I get quite too fagged," he said, as he took some note paper out of a drawer and sat down. "And I'll tell her; one must have a groan some time."

He drew the paper into position and began to date his letter; after the date he wrote:

"My dearest Althea."

CHAPTER II.

CLOSE to one of the windows of the dining-room of a house in Bloomsbury stood a girl with a letter in her hand.

She had gone to the window for a better light by which to read it. For although the time of the year was April, it was one of those mornings not uncommon in London in early spring—mornings in which everything seems to be overspread by a dull mist, unlike a fog in that it is thin and light in substance, and yet very like a fog in the dim yellow light it produces. This sort of mist is generally the prelude to a bright day, and it is possibly this fact; possibly the curious chill, fresh feeling of spring that pervades it even in the dullest of streets and squares; which gives to it an extraordinary and almost exhilarating sort of suggestiveness.

The dining-room was characteristic of the kind of London house, a house neither obviously rich nor obviously poor, and its appointments were neither exactly comfortable nor uncomfortable. There was no definite fault to be found with any one of them; the rows of worn, leather-cushioned chairs were well kept and carefully dusted; the sideboard was solid and good, with a polish on it that had gone a long way to obliterate its chips and dents, and the very few ornaments on the mantelshelf were valuable in their way, and had received nothing but careful handling. The effect of the whole was marred simply by a generally smudgy look that pervaded everything, a sort of dull dinginess that was by no means the result of untidiness or want of precision, but was simply inherent to the conditions of the room, and seemed like a sort of emanation from the dull outlook.

Against this background of room and window the girl's figure stood out very distinctly. There was a clearness about its outlines that seemed to isolate them sharply from the surroundings, and to accentuate the contrast between them and it. It was a slight figure, or perhaps it would be truer to say a thin one, for there was nothing whatever of delicacy or fragility about it. It was firm, well knit, and well proportioned; the figure of a woman who possesses, and has always possessed, excellent physical health; and the thinness was a mere normal characteristic, such as her height, which was rather remarkable, being several inches beyond the conventional womanly five feet four.

Her head, which was bent over her letter, displaying thereby a graceful curve in a neck set so strong, rather square shoulders, was beautifully shaped, and covered with thick dark hair, brown, with a good deal of color in it. It was very curly, and being quite short, clung in little close rings all over the back of her head and all round her smooth forehead. Beneath a pair of straight, dark eyebrows, delicately traced in spite of their darkness, were large grey eyes. A strong and rather compressed mouth completed the character of a sharply-cut chin, which slightly over-accentuated the oval form of the face. It was, taken altogether, a very remarkable face, and the most remarkable point about it, as about every other face worthy of notice, was its expression. This consisted in a mixture very rare, and very difficult to describe; for it was at once calm and self-possessed, and eager and enthusiastic. In this combination lay its charm, for charm it had, as no one who knew its owner ever attempted to deny.

She looked about twenty seven years old; as a matter of fact, she was twenty-five.

Her dress was a plain gray tweed, as severe in style as any woman's dress may be, and no ornament of any kind was visible about her, except a ring on the left hand, with which she had grasped the window frame. It was an unusual hand when observed carefully, and by no means the ordinary woman's hand. The fingers were long and firm, with a certain character about them which was plainly the outcome in some way or other of their possessor's life.

She came to the end of the letter and turned back, slowly and thoughtfully, to the first page again. The gray eyes fastened themselves on the beginning for the second time. "My dearest Althea," were the words they read. Slowly, and with long pauses, during each of which she gazed abstractedly into the yellow mist outside, they followed the three pages of neat, masculine handwriting to the close, and were finally concentrated with a very thoughtful expression in their depths as they reached the end, where the writer's name was squeezed into the corner. "James L. Meredith" the name was.

Then they were very suddenly lifted, and the girl cast a quick glance round the dining room, as if to assure herself that she was alone, and then she caught the letter up, and held it close to her face for a moment, so that her cheek rested on the writing. With a quick flush she took it away again, and once more glanced hurriedly about her, to find herself still alone. The flush faded, and the gray eyes settled themselves back into the same steady gaze at the mist; a gaze that seemed to say that the brain behind them was in perplexity, or indecision, or doubt, or all three.

Althea Godfrey's actual position in the dim dining room on this April morning was oddly typical of her position in the world; for, as she was actually alone, so was she practically alone in life.

She had been born in India, and before she was five years old she had experienced more travelling than falls to an English-born child's lot in three times as many years. Her father's regiment had been moved from one station to another, and he had been appointed to different commands many times before he settled down with the prospect of some years' quiet before him.

This quiet he and his young wife turned at once to account by making the preparations that both had long known when Iras inent, for sending their only child away. Mrs Godfrey was to take the little Althea to her married sister in England. The day was fixed, their passage had been taken, and all arrangements made, when a sudden outbreak of cholera attacked the station. On the day on which the steamer sailed both father and mother were lying in their graves, and the tiny, frightened child was crying bitterly because she had called them so long, and they would not come back. Stranger hands comforted the child, took care of it during the beginning of its lonely life, and a few months later brought it to the aunt who had been expecting it.

Lady Carruthers was considerably older than her dead sister, Mrs. Godfrey. She was a well-meaning, kind hearted woman, and thoroughly determined to do her duty by "poor Althea's little girl." But she had no children of her own, and understood them but little. She was a widow of many years' standing, who had found the best solace for her widowhood in a large amount of what was called "social intercourse," and more ill-natured people spoke of as "nor want gadding about." Consequently, though she was most careful as to the child's material and mental advantages, she did not come much into contact with her save during the child's growing up years, and Althea grew up in circumstances of comparative isolation, which early began the development of a naturally clear brain into a decided tendency to think for itself on wholly original lines.

She had for a governess a woman who, trained on the very newest lines, gave the receptive girl plenty of work to do of a sort which aided this process materially. Althea eagerly learned all she was taught, and just as Lady Carruthers was awakening to the consciousness of two facts, namely, that Althea was eighteen, and that she was declined to be peculiar, and resolving that her introduction into society should therefore take place without delay, by way of a wholesale corrective, Althea herself presented a request that she might now go to Newnham or Girton at once.

[To be continued.]

There were 17,961,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year.

TO THE ROBIN.

BY A. W.

Sweet singer of the sweet sad days,
Thy requiem for thy summer dead
Rings clearly through the golden haze,
While o'er thy head
The sere leaves, with a gentle sigh,
Float softly down to earth to die,
Cold, brown, and red.

And is thy song all sadness? Nay!
Thy little heart full well doth know
That where the sere leaf breaks away,
The bud doth show
Sure promise of another spring,
When thy glad song with love will ring,
Sweet, clear, and low.

In The Clouds.

BY H. C. L.

FOR many years I have been devoted to science; the barometer, the thermometer, and the rain-gauge have been my constant companions, and with them I have spent much of the happiest period of my life. I am fortunately independent—in fact, in possession of a very nice property near Nottingham. I am married, but have no children; so that my pursuit of science has rather been forced upon me, to dispose of the abundant leisure which my position and circumstances give me.

The height of my ambition has been to discover the laws regulating the weather, and to this, for years past, I have devoted all my time and thought. I have taken up with many theories in turn. The lunar influences at the quarters of the moon, electrical conditions, alternation of winds, and in fact most of the popular superstitions as affecting weather, have at some time or other been fully examined by me, all have been successively discarded as unsound and futile. I have at length so far succeeded, that I can generally predict the prospective weather for a day or two, but then I am at a loss. I have, however, labored on collecting facts, classifying, arranging and deducing, hoping at length to evolve a stable and certain law.

Some months ago I was sitting in my library after breakfast, engaged with my favorite pursuits when my butler entered, and presenting me with a card, said, "A foreign gentleman wishes to see you, sir, when you are disengaged."

I took the card, and read—"Herr Jacobs, aeronaut, introduced by Sir Battledore Shuttlecock, F. R. S., F. G. S., M. B. M. S., etc."

I was at a loss to conceive what reason my dear friend Sir Battledore could have in introducing this German aeronaut; but having determined that I would at any rate see him, and learn the object of his call, I ordered the butler to show him in.

Presently a tall, thin, spectral-looking figure, with blanched face, and hair, mustache and beard out of all measure, with a piercing eye and hollow cheek, entered, and announced himself as Herr Jacobs. He seemed to have lived in the air, and on air, till nothing was left of him but bone and hair; he spoke English fairly, and told me that he was the owner of the famous "Lichtenstein Balloon;" that in his native land he had ascended many hundred times, with the princes, the ministers, and the nobility of half the German States of the Zollverein; he produced a greasy-looking book, full of testimonials bearing witness to his skill and intrepidity, with no signature that was less distinguished than a baron's. I then asked him of my friend Sir Battledore, and for what purpose he came to me.

"Sir Vattledore Shoot-de cock," he said, 'vos a great philosophe. He tell me dat my balloon may make great service to science; some gentleman may make an ascent vid me, vid zee thermometre, zee barometre and he may zee zee difference between zee sky and zee earth; and venn I ask him to name some one to make zee trial, he name you, zur."

I saw the value of the experiment directly it was mentioned, and jumped at the idea of collecting facts and figures in a field hitherto unexplored. At the moment, the realization of my ambition seemed close at hand. I should learn from the clouds themselves their currents and movements, and test the effects of the very light pressure of air at a great height, which has popularly been supposed to produce such an extraordinary and painful effect on the human body.

I therefore told Herr Jacobs that I should be glad to avail myself of his offer; that in a week my measures would be completed and my instruments prepared; and it was arranged that I was to pay him twenty pound for the ascent, which was to last six hours—this included all expenses. He promised to be at my house in the following week, and to have his balloon inflated at the neighboring gas-works, ready for an early ascent to avoid much publicity.

I immediately wrote off to Kreutzer and Soldi, the eminent instrument makers, for some additional instruments, and I had an eider-down wrapper made, as a preservative against the intense cold which I anticipated we might meet at a great elevation.

The day before the ascent I received a note from Herr Jacobs to say that he would be with me early, that the balloon would be inflated at the gas works as soon after midnight as possible, that we might start quietly at daybreak, when the atmosphere is clear, and is likely to promise interesting results.

Day was just breaking when the German made his appearance in a railway fly at my door; I was quite prepared for him, and stepped into the vehicle loaded with instruments and test-papers. The morning promised gloriously for our purpose; hardly a cloud was to be seen, and the clear blue ether seemed the only obstruction between me and the illimitable.

The balloon was filled and quite ready, and I stepped into the car, and arranged my instruments. Herr Jacobs soon followed, and told the men who held the ropes to "let go;" and in a moment, with a bound like a race-horse, we sprang into air, and towered as an eagle rising to the sun. The early hour of the morning prevented any intercourse of visitors, and beyond the men employed in the gas works, no one was present.

Leaving the entire management of the balloon to Herr Jacobs, I was soon absorbed in watching my instruments. The barometer kept sinking in a way that appeared marvellous to one who had been accustomed to look upon it as the type of general steadiness, if occasionally vacillating; the temperature, too, kept falling, while our lateral movement was almost as remarkable as our ascending one.

We were evidently caught in a vast moving column of air, traveling with extraordinary rapidity, as my compass informed me, to the North Pole—a column at least two miles high, and how much more I was unable to determine, for while the wind at starting, on the earth was north-east, we were now palpably impelled by a strong south-easterly current. I had no feeling of giddiness, no determination of blood to the head, nor any of the effects attributed to great tenuity of atmosphere, although I estimated our elevation at 20,000 feet much higher than any of the Alpine summits.

The sky above us was of an intense blue, a blue only equalled by the pure depths of the Mediterranean, with a clear sky above it. The rays of the sun poured with great power upon us, although the shaded temperature of the air was low, and my eider-down covering promised to be of little service.

The most noticeable changes were the increase of sound, the ticking of my watch being as audible as a clock, and my heart and pulse beating more quickly and violently than ever I experienced, even when under the influence of great fear.

I had hitherto been so occupied with my observation that I had little time to observe Herr Jacobs, who had remained calm and impassive, smoking a cigar, as far as I had noticed him. This, however, seemed to last him a most extraordinary time, or had perhaps been succeeded by another; at last it appeared to be finished, and as he took it from his lips and flung it out of the car, he said to me—

"Zur, how vould you like to follow dat zeegar?"

I looked up in astonishment at him, and noticed his eyes glaring at me savagely and wildly, his cheeks paler and more haggard than ever, his lips blue, of a most unnatural tint. It struck me at the moment that I might be in the company of a maniac, an awful position, truly! or this might be a sudden attack of mental aberration, produced by the great elevation at which we were. At all events, my situation was far from agreeable.

As these thoughts were passing rapidly through my mind, Herr Jacobs sat glaring at me, but without moving; he was evidently bent on intimidation, to put me in a panic, and then take me at a disadvantage. I saw at once that in any case my safety depended upon my coolness and resolution.

If he were really insane my only chance was to treat him like a wild beast, and conquer by the supremacy of intellect, and a calm, unflinching manner; if the fit was, as it might be, a sudden influx of blood, producing temporary insanity, a rapid descent to a lower level, and attention to the balloon necessary for such a movement, might divert his mind. But could he in any case be trusted to manage the delicate arrangements necessary to secure a safe descent?

There was no trace of steadiness in that restless, quivering hand, wandering from pocket to pocket in his clothes, and I had no idea of the mechanical arrangements of the balloon. Nearly all our ballast had been thrown out, and nothing but a release of the gas could enable us to descend.

True, there was a string hanging from the balloon above, close to his shoulder; but how to use this, whether by a sharp decisive pull, or by a continuous and careful tension, I was at a loss to decide. However, my indecision was soon broken, for Herr Jacobs appeared to have found the article which he had been searching for, and he addressed me with more calmness than I was prepared for.

"You zee," said he, "dat you are in my hands. Ve are about five miles high, and I think I am zee stronger man of zee two; so listen to vat I say. I am a verey poor German; you are a riche Englishman. It vill cost you leetle to do me a great service. Here is a chec for von thousand pounds. I vont zee money; and onless you can zign it, your life ees not vorth zichspence. I ave pistols as vell as strong arms, vich geeve me great avantage. You must sign dis paper for von thousand pounds, and svear a great oath dat you vil not tell any von about dis aventure; or, as I zaid before, you vill follow my zeegar; and who vill know how you died?"

He handed me two papers—one a check for a thousand pounds, payable to bearer, which only required the signature; the other a solemn oath not to take any measures to recover the money, or to reveal a word of what had happened.

The case was indeed desperate. It might have been worse had my companion been only insane, but his insanity was tempered with extortion, which made it at least reasonable.

Fool that I had been to trust myself in such a position with a man of whom I knew nothing! Sir Battledore's introduction, which might even have been forged, was the only information I had about him; and now, if not my life, my property was endangered. One thousand pounds is no joke to hand over without value received; and conscientiously, one's oath must be observed. I knew not what to do; however, my companion gave me but little time for deliberation.

"I am in a hurry," said he. "It is time to descend. Ve are near ze zee. Zee wind has changed, and will take us to zee German Ocean; but before I can take zee steps necessaire to arrive safe, you must zign zee papers, or I shoot you, and drop you quietly vere no one can find zee philosophe who aventures in zee skies. You are in my hand. Here is a pen and ink—sign, and ve vil descend safely."

Philosopher as I was, and unused to the rough buffeting and hardships of daily life, I had yet enough of the Englishman about me to resist the compulsion that was put upon me. "Rather," thought I, "will I struggle for my life with this diabolical German, than sign my name to a check and a paper which would be a disgrace to me ever after."

Thank God that my nationality kept me up in that hour of trial, and made me feel equal to the occasion.

"Give me a pen, Herr Jacobs," said I, as I took the papers. "The money may become yours—I can spare it; but, scoundrel as you are, notwithstanding my oath never to reveal what has happened, you will never enjoy it. You have mistaken your man if you thought to plunder an Englishman!"

As he handed me a pen, grimly smiling at the success of his stratagem, I rushed at him, seized him by the throat with one hand, and with the other pulled violently at the rope which hung above, connected with the balloon. He was unprepared for the attack. He had thought to cow me, and attain his purpose without violence. However, he was strong, and my hold on his throat was feeble, and if released, his strength was greater than mine; but I felt that my pull at the valve was effective, and that we were descending rapidly. The necessity of preservation prevented me from holding the rope any longer, and I was obliged to leave go to use my second arm in the struggle which now commenced.

Fortunately, the car was capacious, or it would have been impossible for us to have preserved our positions during our rapid descent, struggling as were; but in that struggle all was forgotten save only the desire of mastery. My plan had been to gain time, to frighten the German by the idea of mutual destruction from a rapid descent, and so to restore the advantage which his physical strength, and the arms which he had hinted at, gave him.

My fears were that he had arms ready loaded on his person, and his strenuous endeavors to free his hands persuaded me that such was the case. His strength was enormous; and, despite my utmost endeavors, he succeeded in drawing his right hand free.

In a moment he plunged it into his breast-pocket, and withdrew a small pistol, evidently loaded, which he aimed at my head. He pulled the trigger—I thought my hour was come; but, with a superhuman effort, I shook off his left hand, which grasped me tight, and, as the trigger fell, the ball passed over my head; not, however, harmless, for it struck the body of the balloon, went right through it, as I noticed with mingled horror and happiness—horror at the idea of the frightful death that must follow a sudden continuous escape of gas, and happiness to think that our death struggle would soon be over.

The rapidity of our descent now became frightful. The huge balloon was rapidly collapsing, and the car was thrown and jerked to the most acute angle, and occasionally almost capsized. So difficult was it, even by a strong hold of the seats of the car, to preserve one's equilibrium, that, simultaneously, as if the law of self-preservation was stronger than the struggle for victory, we ceased our conflict, and held on for our lives.

I can imagine nothing more awful than that descent. We were rapidly nearing the earth; cliffs, sea shore, and sea, showed clearly below us; and it was a question whether we should be dashed to pieces on the cliffs or rocky shores, or, falling more lightly into the sea, perish in the waves, dragged down by the remnants of the balloon. In any case death seemed inevitable.

Absorbed almost entirely in my own danger, I noticed the glance of horror with which Herr Jacobs surveyed the ocean, which we were rapidly nearing; and the conviction flashed across me instantaneously that he was unable to swim, and feared drowning more than the probable effects of being dashed on the cliffs; and at once the thought seized me that his death might prove my salvation, for all my life I had been an accomplished swimmer.

We descended with frightful velocity, the balloon swaying, rolling and pitching, but always falling. Not a human habitation could I see; nothing but the high, clean-cut cliffs, the stony beach, and a placid ocean. I was certain we should fall into it, for a lower current bore us laterally away from the shore; but how far to sea, beyond even my powers of swimming, should I escape the entanglement with the balloon, was a painful doubt to me.

These thoughts rushed through my mind as we rapidly neared the ocean, and even the possibility of hope must have tinged my face with a glow, for Herr Jacobs, whose expression indicated the most abject fear, must have guessed my thoughts, for he suddenly sprang up and seized me by the throat.

"Ve vill drown togedder," he cried. "You can swim, but I will not let you; your life is in my hands."

In a moment we touched the waves. The force of impact was so great that we descended some depth, struggling as we were, in the car.

The horrors of that descent exceeded all the trials of our fall through the air. Jacobs clung to me with the clutch of a dying man who was desperate, and I struggled equally, feeling that, could I free myself, I should be saved.

At length we rose, and seizing my opportunity, I sprang clear of his arms and the car, and striking out for life, swam away from all impediments. He dashed after me, but falling in his stroke, sank, while I, with all the energy of despair, struck out for the shore, which happily was not very distant. I turned to look after my companion, and saw him struggling in the net, and trying to support himself by the buoyancy of the fast-collapsing body of the balloon.

But I have desire to dwell on his dreadful position; my own was sufficiently dangerous, for I had to swim at least three hundred yards, encumbered with all my clothes and exhausted with my long-continued struggle; but I felt buoyed up by a

sensation of certain preservation, and my strength failed not.

Much exhausted, I at length reached the shore. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment, when once more I trod on terra firma! I had escaped the most awful perils of air and water, and now stood, most mercifully preserved, once more on earth, which a few moments before I despaired of ever seeing again.

I looked out to sea. There were the relics of the balloon, and there the struggling form of the German; and as I looked he fell off, and on the wind came a dreadful, fearful scream—a dying howl of terror—as he descended into the waves and was no more seen. Villain as he was, at that moment I would have given all he asked to have saved him; but no human creature was near—he was gone—and in a few moments every trace of the balloon had followed him; dragged down by the car, the empty gas chamber has sunk, and not a vestige remained.

An awful feeling of solitude came over me. I felt alone in the world. The death of that villain, and my position, made me feel as if I were the last man alive. I was saved; but from what?—for what? Where was I? It might truly be an English shore, but might still be anywhere. I might still perish of cold and hunger; and then a sensation of faintness came over me, and I fell unconscious on the sand. I slept, for I recollect dreaming horribly of drowning men, and the sensation of suffocation seemed coming over me.

The form of Jacobs came up perpetually, and tried to drag me down to the bottom of the ocean among the coral shells and seaweeds; my mouth felt dry and parched; a horrible taste of salt was on my tongue, and suddenly I felt myself roused forcibly from my repose.

I woke to find myself once more among the waves. The tide had risen, inch by inch, to the spot where I fell, and inch by inch it had covered me; it had washed over my body; it had interwoven itself in my dreams, and had at last floated me, to save me once more, by waking. I rose, and walked ashore, drenched more than ever; and though faint, sick, and utterly miserable, I passed the rocks, climbed the cliffs by a path almost obliterated, and, from the height above, surveyed my position.

A vast moorland extended inland, but far in the distance my eyes distinguished a hut, a human habitation, and to that point I sped my way, walking and running with all my strength and energy. The shepherd was within, a broad, wild-looking Scotchman, and from him I learnt my position. I was on the most desolate part of the east coast of Scotland, miles from any civilization; but seeing my condition he undertook to give me food, and to show me my road to the nearest town. Some oatmeal cakes and whisky revived me, and we were soon on route.

I had fortunately preserved my purse, so that I rewarded the shepherd, and when we arrived at Bannan, obtained the accommodation I required. A good night's rest, and I awoke refreshed, and could hardly believe the events of the previous day to be true; but that I had miraculously arrived in Scotland was a fact not to be denied; and I shuddered as I thought of the drowning aeronaut.

Anxious to avoid public curiosity, I ordered horses to travel south to reach home as soon as possible; but somehow news always will travel faster than flesh and blood, and as I was nearing my own home, a saved man, I had the pleasure of reading an account of my own extraordinary supposed loss in a balloon.

ROSE LEGENDS.

THE old legend as to the origin of the rose runs thus. The rose came of nectar spilled from heaven. Love, who bore the celestial vintage, tripped and overset the vase; and the nectar spilling on the valleys of the earth bubbled up in roses. The rose is a very old flower, it goes back to remote antiquity. The number of species of roses known to the ancients was not great.

They knew in fact of only the four main species, which are to this day indigenous to Greece—the hedge rose, the heptree (of which the moss rose is a variety), the pimpernel rose, and the centifolia, the queen of all the roses, which has been celebrated by the poets of every age and people.

In the early centuries of the Christian era, when a constant migration of nations was taking place, the cultivation of the rose perished in the same grave with ancient civilization, leaving scarcely a trace behind. During the Mediæval Ages the training of the rose seems to have been strangely neglected. The times were rude and barbarous, and war and conquest occupied the thoughts of men more than the cultivation of the arts of peace.

The greatest impulse to the cultivation of the rose was given by the Empress Josephine, in France, at the beginning of the present century, while immense progress in the same delightful field has been made in this country. In our time so many varieties of the rose are cultivated, that he who should now attempt to point out their number would perhaps have to alter his figures to-morrow, as some new variety was presented to him.

The history of literature furnishes us with abundant evidence that the rose has been preserved in men's affections and memories all along the ages. It is still the queen of flowers, as it was in the time of the Romans. Pliny ranked the rose as the first of all flowers.

Martin Luther, the great German reformer, often wore a rose at his girdle, and had the same flower engraved on his seal. The rose was the favorite flower of Sappho, the Greek poetess.

The rose is prominent as an emblem in the army of many princes of olden times, as the princes of Lippe and the dukes of Saxony. The white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster, as we all know, played an important part in English history.

At Mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches, or crowned heads whom he designs specially to honor.

In Tyrol at the present day betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. When a stranger enters a house for the first time at St. Jago, in Chili, the lady of the house presents him with a rose, in token of his being welcome.

In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into society; and when at the end of life the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift in the shape of a rose garland is laid upon her bier.

Among the Romans, as we have intimated, the rose was regarded with enthusiastic admiration and became a conspicuous object in all their entertainments. The Roman bride used to carry a wreath of roses and myrtle twigs beneath her purple veil. All the statues of the gods and of illustrious men in Rome were decorated with wreaths of roses. At the public games the senators used to receive wreaths of roses from the ædiles.

On the axe of the Secret Society, the "Vehmgericht," there was the figure of a knight with a bunch of roses in his hand. The custom of the Freemasons of adorning themselves with roses sprung, no doubt, from the Middle Ages. Many orders and societies have taken the same flower as their badge, the "Rosicrucians," for example, a philosophical sect which arose in the early part of the fourteenth century.

The "Society of the Rose of Hamburg," an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century is another instance of the same kind, though not so well known. It was divided into four sections, the roses, the lilies, the violets and the pinks.

At Treviso, in Italy, there used to be held annually, a curious rose feast. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs, roses, and squirts filled with rose water, being the ammunition freely used on both sides.

The holy Medardus, Bishop of Noyon, in the sixth century instituted in France the custom of "La Rosiere," the festival of the Rose Maiden, by which, in certain localities, a gift of twenty-five livres and a crown of roses were bestowed on the most deserving maiden in the commune.

The romancers of the Middle Ages always coupled roses and young girls in their songs. In Provence the first of May was kept in honor of the Queen of May who, decked out with roses and garlands, used to occupy a throne at the entry of the chief thoroughfares while her companions at the foot of the throne levied contributions in her honor from all that passed by.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem there is a lovely valley which still bears the name of Solomon's "rose garden," and where, according to a Mahomedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and the genii of the Morning Lamb which was written, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water upon the petals of white roses.

The old Jewish writers say that Jerusalem was distinguished from all the other towns in Judæa, as by several other particulars so in this especially, that no trees were planted within its walls save rose-bushes.

The Persians have long held their celebrated "Feast of Roses," and Hafiz makes his hero say, "Call for wine and scatter roses round," while we find one mentioned in the Apocrypha who said, "Let us crown ourselves with roses before they are withered."

The Scriptures make mention of the rose by name in two places. Isaiah speaks of the happy age of the Church, when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." And in the "Song of Solomon," the bride is represented as saying, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

CROAKING.—For grim humor it would be hard to surpass Abdul Rahman, Ameer of Afghanistan, if the stories told of him are true. One day—so runs the account—the Ameer was holding his durbar, when a man entered and began to utter solemn warnings about the insidious advances of the Russians: The Ameer, who knew quite as much about Russian aims as his informant, listened for a time with some show of patience. Still the man went on croaking.

"Lord of the Earth," he exclaimed at last, "let people say what they like, but this humble one has been scanning the political horizon with far reaching eyes, and the Russians are coming!"

"Bright jewel of our durbar and son of our understanding," answered the Ameer, "thou art sure of this?"

"The Lord of the Earth is omniscient," replied the political prophet.

"It is true," said the Ameer, "we too can see far; but yonder tree obstructs our view. We are old, but though art young. Go, therefore—climb the tree, watch the cursed Muscovite's movements, and when he is very close, come and inform us. The tree is high, so thou shalt be able to see a long way off."

Forthwith the unfortunate alarmist was made to climb to the top of the tree, and a guard with spears was placed at its base. Three days passed, and the Russians did not appear. At the beginning of the fourth day the man grew tired, and fell. It is said he died. Croakers have not been common in Cabul since then.

TIN TAGS.—An enterprising grocer in Westville, Connecticut, comes out strong behalf of his celebrated "tin tag" cigars. In a modest circular gently urging their purchase and use, he says, "The tobacco from which the 'tin tags' are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans in swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves.

"When a man smokes one of these cigars, he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf pin and a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes on, and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, and keeps the teeth white, and will force a mustache on the smoothest lip in five weeks.

"It improves and beautifies the complexion, eradicates tan, freckles and dandruff, and is enjoyed by all the smoker's 'sisters, cousins and aunts.' It permeates the house, window-curtains, closets and clothes with the delicate odors and exquisite fragrance of heliotrope, new-mown hay, jockey-club, and white-rose. It will fasten the front gate every night, and carry in the paper in the morning, chase the cats from the garden, drive the hens to water, and 'hardly ever' fail to make one feel better all over.

"No well-regulated family can properly keep house without them; for the man who smokes this cigar will never cut wood too long for the stove, never swear when he puts up stove-pipes, never step on a lady's train, join a club, or go down to the 'post office after supper.'"

RECIPE FOR A QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up the remark with, you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her, then. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why indeed?"—The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Scientific and Useful.

BICYCLE LAWN MOWER.—A Newburg (N.Y.) genius, has invented a bicycle lawn mower. In place of the front wheel of the ordinary bicycle is a twenty-inch mower, otherwise machinery of the road bicycle is practically retained.

RIFLES.—A new magazine rifle, invented by an Italian officer, fires twenty cartridges automatically without any change of position on the part of the soldier. The firing may be intermittent or continuous at will. At a recent trial in the Cascine at Florence, before the Prince of Naples, the twenty shots were fired in two seconds and all hit the target.

BAROMETERS.—The Journal of Hygiene declares: "If you follow the movements of a leech in a bottle containing about a pint of water, and covered with a piece of muslin, you can have a pretty good barometer. The leech lies rolled together at the bottom of the bottle—fair. It comes to the surface of the water invariable or rainy. It rushes pretty rapidly about the bottle—strong wind. It rolls over and over convulsively—storm."

ELECTRIC LOCK.—An electric lock has now been invented especially for use on windows, which, by means of this device, can be left open one or two inches for ventilation and still be quite secure. This lock operates with ease by simply pressing a button, and can readily be connected with the fire or police service, so that a report is immediately given at the fire or police station if any person tampers with the window or the mechanism of the lock.

VALUABLE EXPERIMENTS.—Valuable experiments have recently been made at Sibley College, Cornell University, to determine the relative efficiency of the old-fashioned cut nail and wire nail, now so generally used. The tests were made very carefully with a testing machine. It was found that it used up much more force to drive the cut nail, and somewhat less to pull it out; so that the wire nail is far more efficient. The square end of the cut nail bruises the wood and so reduces its holding power. By simply sharpening the end the holding power was doubled.

Farm and Garden.

IVY.—Plant ivy, or anything else which is doubtfully hard, on the north side of a building. It is the winter's sun that hurts them, not the cold. The tying up of roses and like plants with straw is on the same principle—to exclude the light.

DISEASE.—Prompt action may prevent the spread of disease among the flock and great loss to the owner. A very sick hen is not worth doctoring, unless she is of especial value, and the sooner her head comes off the better for all concerned.

INCUBATORS.—A Strasburg electrician has devised an incubator the heat for which is supplied by electricity. He finds after close investigation that ninety chickens can ordinarily be counted out of every 100 eggs placed in his incubator.

FALL AND WINTER.—Frequent experiments have proved that manure spread in the fall and allowed to lie on the surface all winter was of more worth than that which was spread and plowed under at planting time. Nitrification goes on under the protection of its own mulch. Manure in the barnyard is bringing no profits.

ASHES.—Wood ashes is a fertilizer particularly adapted to dry weather. In dry seasons no fertilizer produces better results on strawberries or potatoes. As we can not forecast the seasons, it is a satisfaction to know that they have no bad effect should the season be wet. This is one of the things which can be used on almost any crop, or any land, at any time.

SHEEP.—It can not be repeated too often that sheep need care. They must have dry quarters, good ventilation, shade from the hot sun and good water. Sheep are naturally healthy, but quickly succumb to disease in unfavorable conditions. Damp, wet locations are conducive to foot rot, and damp quarters at night produces colds.

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF to trifle with a Cold and so encourage the development of some latent Pulmonary and Bronchial disease, which often ends fatally. You had better cure your Cough or Cold by promptly resorting to Dr. D Jayne's Expectorant, an old time remedy for all Coughs, Lung and Throat affections.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

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On Hypocrisy.

The morally cultivated mind instinctively loathes thorough-going hypocrisy more than any other type of character. It fears subtlety, and has painted it as the devil. We may doubt, however, whether the ideal of manliness, as bold, open, and truth-loving, is naturally accepted by all the intelligent races of mankind. The timid fly naturally to deception as a means of defence.

A lie is a handy rampart behind which to hide, if it be not very secure; and to the deep tortuous natures of less strenuous people than we Western folk, who love to go by short straight cuts to our goal, hypocrisy does not look altogether contemptible. Cunning shifts appear as virtuous as courage and swift straight action. But we may take it that to men of our own race hypocrisy is the most repellent of all vices. Yet how rare the men and women who will not dally with it in small matters!

We mean by hypocrisy the acting of a lie, whether consciously or unconsciously. In some measure it forces itself on the attention of every one of us every day, though we may not call it by its repulsive name; and which of us, by our actions, does not excuse its use? It will not want for defenders. To say that in no case should or need hypocrisy be resorted to will be regarded as high-flown, viewy, impossible. Yet, if in our heart of hearts we believe in the dignity, beauty and omnipotence of truth, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that deceit, whether in things great or small, deserves no quarter.

Popular sentiment looks leniently on little hypocrisies. Minute subterfuges are allowed to have a place in the relations of the most intimate and loving—so much so that we are surprised when we find some one perfectly straight, above-board, unafraid of being understood, with no concealments. We give fine names to trivial hypocrisies, and we are pleased with the cleverness that is displayed. Call it finessing, and it loses all touch of grossness; or, if we wish for a more dignified phrase, let us name it diplomacy.

Not to speak the very truth, but to have a certain degree of show and pretence and overstatement, as in flattery, which is at least the fringe of hypocrisy, is considered agreeable by the many who like their intercourse to be as good as a play. Is not a little hypocrisy necessary, or, at any rate, allowable, and does it not give piquancy to that? Of course we have not in mind for a moment the dramatic villain, who is hypocrisy personified—the Iago and Pecksniffs.

Nobody will attempt a wholesale defence of organized deceit—but may we not for good ends or for the sake of liveliness and incident toy with the lighter and less palpable forms of deception? Cases may be stated respecting which judgment can hardly be pronounced impromptu. A young fellow has slipped into some trouble that he knows will cause anguish to his mother should it reach her ears.

Perhaps it is not a very heinous offence in the eyes of the world, and the youth may feel in his own mind that the gravity with which his mother would regard it is hardly just liable; but he is aware that the knowledge of it will cause her intense pain, that it will partly deface the almost flawless image of him that she has built up. Is it allowable in such circumstances for a man to be a hypocrite to save his mother disappointment and pain? May we not soften the deceit practised in that case and all it, not hypocrisy, but a kind reticence? The answer will depend largely upon one's view of the value of truth.

Is it a kindness to the mother to practise deceit which she might deplore even more than the fault which the deceit is designed to hide? One could easily build up an heroic instance of the sacrifice of a life or a soul lest pain or dishonor should be brought to one who is loved more dearly than life. But suppose the one for whom the sacrifice is made discovers why it was made, then the anguish is tenfold; the deceit has broken down and left only a heritage of pain.

Do hypocrites as a rule know they are hypocrites, or do they deceive themselves? In reply to that we should say that there must come moments when every scurvy knave totals himself up to something like his true value; but these candid self-suits are rarely made, and usually the hypocrite deceives himself almost as readily as he deceives his acquaintances. That is certainly the case with the religious hypocrites who have figured as the worst of the tribe.

Men who "borrow Heaven's livery to serve the Devil in" generally become their own dupes. They gradually come to play two characters without seeing the incongruity, except now and then in a flash of insight, when they quiet conscience by resolving to hold repentance as a reserve in hand. As a modern writer has cleverly said, such men "live in two moral atmospheres and are naturalized citizens in both." The outside world, which is annoyed at the pious assumption of superiority that marks the religious hypocrite, is apt to conclude that the religion professed by the sanctimonious rogue never had any reality; but that does not follow, so complex is human nature.

The probabilities are that the bank director who objected to reading a Monday paper because it was "set" on Sunday, and who afterwards was imprisoned for fraud, was quite sincere in his Sabbatarianism. Pseudo-pious men who unmistakably are hypocrites would surely contrive to alter their outward appearance if they suspected their own condition! The rogues in real life are not unfrequently careless spectators of their own doings, except in the higher branches of artistic cheating, in which an operator must study his part in detail.

The hypocrite has always been a popular stage character—almost a "property;" but he has been worked too obviously for more than he is worth. Hypocrisy is much more subtle and insidious than it appears in the books or on the stage, where the colors are splashed on to produce a broad effect not easily mistaken. It would not be worth the while of rogues to be such elaborate hypocrites as the stage villains are made.

That is true; and there is a danger of the painting of hypocrisy in glaring colors seen at a glance, leading people to overlook the nicer shades that have to be understood if character is read aright. The ideal with which we started, and which ought not to be given up as impracticable, is to refuse hypocrisy the least foothold in our hearts. One transparent man who quietly speaks his mind, if he speaks at all, softening the expression of his opinion to suit his audience or the circumstances, but leaving no doubt as to his meaning, will sometimes purify a whole company, while one double dealer, lying in wait, of whom no one is sure, will freeze the hearts of all who hear him, and cause a mask to settle on every face.

That there are so many hypocrites in the world proves the infrequency of a thorough belief in the triumph of truth. From their earliest infancy children are induced by example to dissemble and to hide distasteful facts, though they are taught by precept that "the truth will out." The result is that they fall into the habit of practising little subterfuges which are read by all onlookers. The hypocrite is sure to stand revealed sooner or later. Truth in word and deed is the only unerring policy that never can come to shame.

Perhaps there is nothing about us so constantly active, so infinitely varied, and yet so little under control as our wishes. Many who carefully govern their actions and their words, who even maintain a certain guidance of their thoughts, allow their wishes to roam unrestrained. They argue that these at least can do no harm, whatever direction they take; that, although many of them must for ever remain ungratified, their existence, so hidden from all but themselves, are the most innocent of indulgences. So they are suffered to come and go at pleasure, without being subjected to any examination or compared with any ideal.

"I did not mean to" is on the lips of all who do wrong, from the youngest to the oldest, showing how clearly the importance of principle is recognized, and how universal is the desire to claim respect for that part of the character. Indeed we may say that, while many people conscious of doing wrong, no one consciously possesses bad principles. Not even to himself does a man admit that they are poor or mean or base. Could he once see that this were true, he would take a long step toward reformation.

It is a sad commentary on our manhood and womanhood that we are not able to preserve harmony in the variety which ought to make society fresh, vigorous and beautiful. We should imitate Nature, who is the most radiant when the most diversified, and whose manifold forms of grace and beauty dwell together in perfect harmony, each receiving an added charm from the presence of all the rest.

How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of evil! To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. It is written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

When a great Grecian philosopher passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, "How many things are here which I do not need!" And the same expression may every man utter who surveys the common accommodations of life.

On the love of a mother for her children, and how that love should be returned, many pretty things have been said, of which "there is no mother like the mother who bore us" is perhaps the prettiest.

The wrongs that we do to others soon carry sequels beyond our control. We are parts in a remorseless social system where every individual who does wrong counts a good deal in the reciprocations of society.

Three things are known only in the following way—a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Dolly.—Terriers tails were docked through an idea that without them they were rendered less likely to be held by an enemy, and also that they were prevented from growing. It is an act of wicked cruelty, and now reduces the value of the dog.

Belle Boyd.—This was the name assumed, we believe, by a young lady who was a very enthusiastic well-wisher to the Southern States in their struggle with the North. She was a kind of blockade runner on land, and passed through the Federal lines many times.

Portrush.—"To the bitter end" is not a quotation. It is used in the sense of pursuing to a painful termination or issue. The expression is, however, derived from the use of the nautical term, "bitter"—"bitter" meaning a turn of a cable about the timbers called bites, when a ship lies at anchor.

Student.—The kindergarten, or children's garden system, is a pretty name for a method of teaching by objects and models, such as a square, a pear, an apple, or a plum. The child not only spells the word, but readily receives the idea conveyed from the model. Such, in brief, is the method.

Gascogne.—The custom of throwing an old shoe after a person seems to have had its origin in the Scriptural mention of the transference of the shoe, in early Jewish days, where the receiving of a shoe was an evidence of ownership, and the giving back of a shoe, the symbol of rejecting or resigning it.

N. H.—If the "cut" was through the whole skin, it will leave a scar which cannot be obliterated, and which will grow as the body grows, so that it will always be, relatively to the size of the part, as large as it is now, or rather as large as it is when the process of healing has been completed. A scar contracts for some little time after the wound has been repaired, as the new tissue joining the several edges of the skin becomes consolidated.

Distracted.—Marry on no account for money. Riches cannot bring happiness. At the same time, do not marry the man you love without your parents' consent. Bear to wait. Disobedience first brought Sin into the world, and Misery always waits upon her. You must remember you owe a great deal to those who have loved, and carefully watched and tended you all your life, although we repeat our first sentence of advice, marry on no account for money; that is, for money solely.

Dispute.—In answering an invitation in the third person it is always customary to put the prefix Mr. before one's name. To omit to do so would be singular and in bad taste, and all attempts at singularity are to be avoided. It is one thing to be original in thought, another to be singular in action; and to write thus, "John Jones begs to accept the kind invitation," etc., would make John Jones a marked person, and give him a distinguished air, which perhaps he neither desires nor deserves.

Lucy.—The Beatrice of Dante may be either Divine Truth, or Religion personified under that name,—that of the lady Dante loved. The picture of the "lady in white floating on a dark river," etc., is not from Dante's Inferno. It is merely a poetic idea of the painter, representing an early Christian martyr, who having been cast into a river rather than abjure her faith, thus floats in death. The halo is very beautifully managed. The picture by Delaroche was in the Exhibition of 1862.

Elocutionist.—Converse, say for two hours or so every evening, with a friend, upon all points, hap-hazard. Do this for three months, and your ideas will form readily. Never mind talking nonsense: what you want is to get your words "out." You have read a great deal, and must have ideas. Let you and your friend shut yourselves up resolutely, after having read the topics of the day, and then "jaw" about them. Give ten minutes' space to each speaker, and allow no pause. Immediately one falls, let the other man take up the thread. You will thus become ready enough.

J. S. L.—Rabbits, pork, and lobsters, like other descriptions of animal food, are good in their place and when taken moderately. It matters little how or on what an animal feeds. The material appropriated by its assimilative functions is converted into integral and living parts of its organism; and it is with the organisms on which we feed that we have to do, not the food on which they may have been fed. There is however certainly nothing to be alleged against rabbits in the matter of feeding, and very little of lobsters. Pork should be country-fed; as the flesh is then milder and more wholesome than when fed on the garbage of towns.

Inquisitive.—It is difficult to lay down a rule as to marriage between first cousins. The best principle to act upon is that intermarriage between the several branches of a family tends to perpetuate or revive family diseases and weaknesses. If there be any hereditary malady of mind or body in the stock, the offspring of a union between first cousins will, so to say, receive a double dose of it. Beyond this there is not much to be said. The health may be sound in the case of the individuals marrying, but that of their parents and their grandparents must have been also good, or there will be a probability of some latent mischief, which has perhaps been dying out, awakening in full force in the children. It is well to look these facts in the face.

WE TWO.

BY W. W. LONG.

A cool sweet wind from the sunset blowing,
A gentle piping of happy birds;
A musical murmur of falling waters,
A musical lowing of herds.

rass-slopes winding down to the river,
Fleecy clouds in the distant blue;
Valleys kissed by dark'ning shadows,
Roses kissed by the falling dew.

Over there from the quiet valley,
Mellow sound of the vesper bell;
Here where the brook and river mingle
We two part and say farewell.

The Wishing Pool.

BY I. L. C.

"COME to the Wishing Pool, Rena; you must; everyone does, said Connie Brandon, pulling me by the sleeve.

I was fifteen then, a school girl, spending my holidays at Brandon Hall, the house of two of my school friends, Connie and Ella Brandon. They were hearty, healthy, country girls; I, a slim, fragile, delicate creature, born in India, and of a nervous, high strung temperament.

They called me "Porcelain" at school, and I was considered the beauty; but I can honestly say, that though I liked to be good-looking—what girl does not?—vanity was not my failing. Connie had told me already about the Wishing Pool at Brandon, and though, of course, I did not actually believe in the mysterious power possessed by its waters, still I was a little frightened of proving my scepticism, especially as the pool was in the midst of a thick fir plantation which was twilight in the summer moon, and one had, as in all such tests, to be quite alone.

The tradition of the pool, which dated some three hundred years, was that you stood and looked into the dark stagnant waters, and concentrated your mind upon anything you wished for, and you would probably see that thing, or some indications of it, in the water.

You must allow at least ten minutes of contemplation before giving up the trial, and if you saw nothing, it proved that you would not have your wish.

This, of course, was a very convenient way of accounting for the failure of the pool to come up to the tradition; but needless to say, there were innumerable stories, most of them devoutly believed by Brandon villagers—of the strange visions seen in those mystic waters, which had been endowed by some wizard by their miraculous powers.

For example, a son of the Brandon family, being very pious, had ardently desired to be enrolled in the priesthood, and visiting The Wishing Pool, had seen the image of a huge cross in the waters; he became a priest; but he could have had his wish without the aid of the pool; a young woman, of a mercenary turn, desired wealth, and behind her own reflections, crowned with jewels, and so on; and the stories were legion of the faces of future wives and husbands (more often the latter), looking up from the pool.

I was ashamed to confess to nervousness, so I answered Connie: "I don't mind. Come along, and I'll wish."

"Oh! but you must do it in a serious spirit," said Ella Brandon.

"She'll feel serious enough when she gets there," laughed Connie. And so I did. The pool itself, and its scenic accessories, were admirably calculated to support the tradition.

You could imagine anything after being five minutes alone in this eerie place. Connie and Ella led me through the plantation to the commencement of a narrow, well-worn path, and this I was to pursue alone, until I came to the pool.

"The ground is quite safe," was Connie's parting injunction; "but don't be careless for the water is deep enough to drown anyone. We'll wait for you on the lawn."

My heart began to beat very fast, as I pursued my way alone, but I went on bravely, and soon reached the pool.

There it lay, black and stagnant, the trees growing to the very edge, and so thickly interlaced above that only a faint gloaming light came through. Mine was hardly an epreuve for a delicate, sensitive girl, but school girls were not likely to think of this.

How deadly still the spot was! How dreadful that pool looked! What I felt was not fear, but a vague dread, a sense of oppression; I longed to run away, and yet there was creeping over me that strange desire to pierce into futurity which is common to humanity, but more strongly developed in such temperaments as mine.

What should I wish for? What did I wish for? Like most school-girls, I had romantic ideas about lovers, and my lover must be handsome; they always were in the novels I read, and indeed, to me, at that u fledged period of my life, personal beauty appeared the chief, and certainly indispensable, necessity in a husband.

I suppose I took other qualifications for granted; a very handsome man must be good; my novels told me that, though villains were sometimes endowed with great personal attractions, the hero always outstripped them.

Therefore I would wish for "a very handsome husband!" I don't know that, away from the pool, I had any really ardent wish in this regard; what of all things I most desired was to travel; but that seemed a rather vague wish, and not so romantic as the other. So I clasped my hands together, and looked down steadily into the still, sombre waters at my feet.

I don't know whether I really expected to see anything. My heart was throbbing; my whole being was in a tense state of excitement and suspense; whatever the normal condition of my mind, I most assuredly wished then, with a sort of agony of longing, for "a very handsome husband." I was too strung up, too entirely under the weird influence of the place and its tradition, for any sense of the ludicrous in my eminently school-girl desire.

I can't say how long I stood there gazing downwards, with fixed stare and bated breath; it was, perhaps, not more than five minutes; it seemed to me an hour. Suddenly there flashed up from the black depths a vision; a man's face, superbly handsome, with short curly hair of a sort of reddish gold, and moustache of the same hue, a kind of brick-dust skin that looked as soft as a woman's, clear-cut features, and large, brilliant, dark eyes that looked straight into mine with a strange, passionate gaze that thrilled through me, that terrified me by something fierce and sinister under the passion.

It was but a second the vision lasted; it flashed up and was gone; yet I saw every trait of that remarkable countenance as clearly as if I had gazed at it for minutes. I reeled backwards, quivering from head to foot, and gasping for breath. I felt the drops of perspiration standing on my forehead.

It was minutes before, terrified though I was to remain here, I had strength to creep shuddering, away. But I could not join my friends. I went around another way, avoiding the lawn, and gained my own room, and here, in about half-an-hour, Connie and Ella came, having become alarmed at my long absence, and discovered that I had left the pool.

I had somewhat recovered myself now, but I refused to tell them, despite their frantic curiosity, what I had seen. I shrank from their "chaff," and was beginning to feel a good deal ashamed, both of the wish and of my agitation at the vision, which was, after all, easily accounted for.

Was not my head stuffed full of such pictures of heroic beauty? What more natural, therefore, than that, in my abnormal state of excitement while standing beside the pool, I should see what was nothing more than a projection from my own brain?

I did not, at fifteen, put the matter in these terms, but my conclusions came to the same thing, although I am free to confess they did not quite satisfy me.

How delightful it would be, I thought, to meet with a man possessed of such beauty! but the look which had terrified me somewhat qualified this reflection; that look puzzled me, too. I must have been "mixing up" the hero and the villain; the hero never had anything sinister in his face.

Connie and Ella were quite vexed at my reticence, but all their efforts at discovering my secret were in vain. I would not even tell them what I had wished for.

Their only consolation was in a vague promise of telling them "some day," and in the triumphant conviction that I would be no longer sceptical, since I had "seen something" in the Wishing Pool.

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Years passed; I went back to school, and on leaving it, returned to India. Sometimes I would seek vaguely in the streets, in ball rooms and other assemblages, for the face I had seen that day at Brandon; but of course I never saw it, and as I grew older and more sensible, I laughed at my girlish silliness. I knew that such beauty—such rare combination of color—are not to be found in real life, or, if they are, once in five hundred years.

When I was twenty-one, and the memory of that face in the pool had receded into the lumber-room of my brain, I conclusively proved that the vision was only the creation of my fancy, by marrying a man who, though good looking, was in no way specially remarkable.

Major Chenevix was a fine, noble fellow, some ten years my senior, and I loved him dearly. Perhaps there was some lack of perfect sympathy between us.

He was a blunt, straightforward soldier, and my imaginative temperament sometimes craved for what it was not in his power to give me; but he was the kindest of husbands, and if I was not visibly happy, if to some extent my nature was cramped, I felt I was far more than content with my lot.

We had been married four years, when my husband obtained a long leave of absence, and we came to England. I had kept up correspondence with my school friends.

Connie was now married, and Ella engaged, but Connie and her husband were to be at Brandon at Christmas, and my husband and I were invited to join the circle.

The invitation had been sent out to India in August, when my friends knew we should be coming over, so we merely put up at an hotel in London for a few days, and then proceeded straight to Brandon Hall, arriving there a week before Christmas Day.

Our welcome was most hearty, and Ella begged that so soon as I was dressed, I would go to her dressing room; she had something to tell me.

So I went, and she burst out "Oh! Rena, there's a man staying here just like the heroes of the novels we used to read at forbidden times. Robert (her fiance), met him in town, where he was quite the rage. He's too handsome for anything—got that sort of red gold hair. Why, Rena, what's the matter?"

I told her, truly enough, that I didn't know. I had dropped into a chair, but I did not feel faint and sick; it was a sensation impossible to describe that came over me.

I drank the water Ella brought me, and said it was "nothing;" she was not to mind; and presently I rallied, and was able to ask her who the new comer was, and so on.

Raoul Wilford was his name; he was a man of property; his mother had been a French lady of the old noblesse; he was a most delightful man—accomplished, fascinating; indeed, I believe if Ella had not been engaged, this handsome guest, who was unmarried, would have played havoc with her heart.

I went down to the drawing-room, filled with the most intense dread. I held my breath when the door opened. I scarcely dared lift my eyes.

The next moment I saw what, in my inner consciousness, I knew I should see—the face that had looked up at me six years ago from the black waters of the Wishing Pool.

Raoul Wilford was one of a group near the fire, consisting besides of Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, Connie, my husband and Ella's fiance, Robert Meredith. Mrs. Brandon came forward to meet me, kissing me warmly, and then I was greeted by Mr. Brandon, and Robert, whom I had met in India two years ago, where he came out on a holiday trip.

But during these greetings I did not once look at Mr. Wilford; it took me all my self-control to preserve an ordinary demeanor, and prepare myself for the introduction. It came.

"Rena," said Mrs. Brandon, calling my attention. Wilford was close by. "Mr. Wilford, Mrs. Chenevix."

We both bowed, of course. I glanced at him fleetingly. His face showed no recognition; how should it? What a beautiful face it was! I longed to hear him speak; surely his voice must be soft and musical.

I was not mistaken. He made some commonplace remark, and his voice was sweet, clear and penetrating, the sort of voice that women love. How different from my husband's! But then came a rush of remorse. Brian's voice had never uttered an unkind word to me.

How did I get through that day? I never knew; my whole sole was in a tumult. I seemed to be wrapped round with some horrible mystery. What did it mean—what could it mean?—my seeing this man's face in the Wishing Pool. It was no chance likeness; there was every lineament—the wonderful red gold hair, the brilliant dark eyes, exactly as I had seen them that day, six years ago.

I shuddered at the memory of the look I had met, that was absent; should I ever see it? I shrank from the man because I felt the fascination of his beauty, of his manner, of everything about him; but how could I escape him? Did I even wish to do so?

He took me into dinner, and his low, soft voice—did he speak to all women in that half caressing tone?—made all my nerves quiver with a strange sweet thrill of delight.

He seemed to know by intuition the subjects I loved; and how well he talked! how perfectly in sympathy with me he seemed! He did not neglect others; he did not so lose himself in conversation with me as to call attention to us; but I always felt, even when he was not addressing me, that he was thinking of me; that he was merely bowing to the exigencies of good breedihg in speaking to anyone else. In fact, I was in a dream, at once exquisitely happy and miserable; puzzled, questioning, seeing always—always, the black pool in the fir woods, and this face beside me, looking at me with that passionate gaze.

Yet it was a false prophecy—a delusion! and all the time I did not realize either that I was happy or the reverse; my mind and her heart were all chaos.

Needless to say, I had never told my husband of that experience at the Wishing Pool. How he would have laughed at me! How he would laugh now if I told him that Raoul Wilford was the man I saw! "Romantic fudge!" that was a favorite expression of his; and mockery would be unendurable. No I must fight my own battle unaided; there was no outside help for me.

Fight! Against what? Against Raoul Wilford's power over me! I felt it every day more and more. I could not blame him; if he made any effort to influence me, it was so subtly done that I could not detect it; the fault was my own.

I had no rest or peace out of his presence—no rest or peace in it; but I was happy, vividly, gloriously happy. There awoke within me forces which Brian Chenevix had never called into even momentary life; a new existence stirred within me; a new world throbbed around me.

How dull and prosaic my husband seemed in comparison with Raoul Wilford!—how commonplace, and lacking in fineness of perception. Yet I did not say these things to myself; I did not recognise my position—my danger. I was fascinated, enthralled. I should have started in horror if any one had told me, "you are drifting into a passionate love for this stranger."

One day I found myself, for a wonder, alone. It was the day before Christmas Eve. The men were somewhere out of doors, Mrs. Brandon lying down, and Connie and Ella busy decorating the dining-room with holly. I sat by the library fire trying to read, but I failed. I could only dream, and my dreams were all of the man who had come between me and my old contentment.

A hand was laid on the door handle, and I started. The wild beating of my heart told me whose hand it was. Raoul Wilford came in, closed the door, and crossed the room to the hearth.

"What, all alone?" he said, smiling, and seating himself by my side on the sofa. There was something in his voice when he spoke to me that belonged to me alone; I had known it for certain these three days.

"I thought you were admiring Mr. Brandon's new carriage horses?" I said, hardly glancing at him, and trying to speak lightly.

"No," he replied, quietly; "I was looking for you." Then, bending a little towards me, he added, "I have been looking for you for six years!"

I could not move, all the blood in my body turned to ice. I felt my face growing cold like the face of a dead woman. He put his hand on mine, and I did not stir, though the touch went straight to my heart, with thrills of estacy; his voice, low, impassioned, sounded far off, and yet I knew, with an intoxicating consciousness, that he was close to me, his breath fanned my cheek.

"I knew you," he said, "the day you came, the instant I saw you—though you were changed, but only to grow far more beautiful. And you knew me! Why were you not faithful to me, Rena? I have been true to you. I have wandered the world over seeking—seeking for the face of the woman who was to be my other self—my own! No other face but yours could quicken my pulse by one throb. But you—you have forgotten! Did you not know that we must meet one day, and that you must love me? You cannot

fight against it." His clasp tightened. "No love but mine can satisfy you; your life has been so empty, and now it is full; you have solaced yourself with a dull contentment. Now you have happiness—love that opens all heaven to you!"

Still was I paralized, powerless in his power, thrilled through every fire of my being with the passion to which my own responded. His arm stole round me, he drew me to his breast—he stooped to press his lips to mine; but in that terrible moment my eyes met his.

I saw the look I had seen that day—the look that veiled under passion a certain sinister triumph. With a cry to Heaven for help, I wrenched myself from his arms, and sprang to my feet.

I know not what I said—bitter reproach, bitter self-condemnation—but he stood before me with white, set face, and bowed to the storm. Then—he was kneeling at my feet imploring pardon; he would never more offend; he loved me—that was no sin; it was his fate—but I should not hear it from his lips again.

My heart softened; how could it do otherwise?—for, after all, I loved him, and it seemed to me that in a sense we were both creatures of Destiny.

"Swear to me," I said hoarsely, "that you will never try to tempt me. If I have wronged you, it was unwittingly done. How should I know! Great Heaven—how should I know!"

"I swear it!" he said humbly. "I will leave this house as soon as I can—but to do so now, on the very eve of Christmas, might excite attention."

"Yes, yes," I said, hastily. "Let no change be made. I will trust to your honor."

He kissed my hand reverently; but that kiss burned through to my heart. I dared not look at him again. I turned away, and sought my own room, and there I fell down prostrate; for a time I lost my senses and perhaps that oblivion was a mercy; it gave my fevered, tortured brain some rest.

I had my tea sent up to my room, on the never failing plea of headache, but I was able to join the circle at dinner, and Wilford then and throughout the evening kept loyally to his promise. His manner was irreproachable, not a look, not even an intonation, betrayed him to me as my lover.

He must have put tremendous tension on himself. But I retired early, the strain of the evening was more than I could endure for long. I had, too, to bear the reproach of my conscience; and yet that conscience told me that I was not to blame, my will had never strayed from my husband.

I was, as Raoul Wilford had said, fighting against Fate in resisting my love for him. Yet I resolved, as I lay awake that night, rather to kill myself than be actually false to the noble, loyal husband who loved and trusted me.

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It was a green Yule this year. Christmas is seldom otherwise now, whatever it was fifty years ago. Christmas Eve broke mild and damp, with threatening of rain. I kept to my rooms most of the morning, under pretence of writing letters.

I felt too utterly crushed and shattered to join the merry group below; I was afraid of breaking down altogether, and there was to-morrow—the most trying day of all—to be gone through. I was never of what is called a robust physique, and I must reserve my strength.

My husband came up once, and remarking that I looked very white, drew my head against him and kissed me fondly. I clung to him with a desperate longing to tell him all, but I dared not—no! I dared not.

He would not understand. I should seem to him a woman who, caught by a handsome face and attractive manner, had actually surrendered her heart, almost unsought, to an acquaintance of a few days!

Then, how could I betray Wilford's confidence? I owed it to him to be silent. So I smiled, said I was all right, and easily succeeded in pacifying my husband. His perceptions were by no means subtle, and he looked upon me as a creature of "moods."

I came down to luncheon, and laughed and jested with the rest. I felt that Wilford saw through the mask, but no one else did.

After luncheon, Ella and Robert got away somewhere together, Connie and I sat in the library, and the men went to the billiard room; but a little before tea Connie's husband—Mr. Saxon—joined us.

"What have you done with the others?" asked his wife.

"Oh! they went out into the grounds," he replied, "nearly an hour ago—that is Wilford and Mr. Chenevix did. They were talking about the Wishing Pool, so they may have gone there to wish," he added, laughing.

"But do they know the way?" asked Connie, I was glad to draw back in the shadow and be silent. The lamps were not yet lighted, we were sitting in the firelight.

"Oh! yes, Ella showed them the other day."

Connie rang the bell for tea, and just then the door opened, and Wilford came in.

"Well, have you two wished?" exclaimed Connie and her husband in a breath.

"I didn't go," he answered. "You can't go two at a time to wish, you know, and I have no special liking for eerie places——"

"I shouldn't think Major Chenevix the sort of man to go in for anything superstitious," said Mr. Saxon.

"Oh! I don't suppose he is wishing," replied Wilford, "but he wanted to go and see the pool, and I went part of the way with him—as far as the entrance to the Wishing Path—isn't that the name of it? Then I turned back. I am awfully susceptible to outward impressions, and I confess that I shrank from going to that black place."

The other two laughed at him good-naturedly, but I knew why he might have a nervous dread of that particular spot.

"Then Brian will soon be in," I said to him. "Did you come straight back?"

"Yes. He can't lose his way in that plantation, you know," he added, reassuringly. "Besides, the path is right opposite to him."

Tea came in, and lights, but my husband did not appear. I became at last nervous and fidgety, and Wilford, seeing this, suggested that inquiries should be made as to whether Major Chenevix had returned to the house.

He had not; he was nowhere to be seen. Then I grew terribly alarmed, and the others, though they tried to comfort me, shared my anxiety.

"He might have fallen into the pool!" was the thought I dared not express. At last Wilford volunteered to go, with Saxon and Robert, to search the plantation, and armed with torches they set off, I following them. I could not remain still. I was filled with horrible foreboding of disaster.

The most diligent search produced, however, no result, and then at last the dread suggestion came to drag the pool!

"It is thick grown with weeds," I heard Mr. Brandon whisper, "he might have got entangled in them!"

What a terrible Christmas Eve! While we pursued our grim search, we heard the bells ringing out for the tidings of peace and good will!

Dragging by torchlight is a difficult process, and that night proved fruitless. Almost prostrate, I was half carried back to the hall. No one dared to speak of comfort; the only hope was that of finding the body.

The next morning—Christmas morning as soon as it was light, Wilferd, the two other young men, and some of the men servants, went to drag the pool again. They would not let me go.

About ten o'clock Connie came to me, as I paced like a demented creature up and down my room. I knew the moment I saw her that my husband had been found.

With difficulty the body had been disentangled from the reeds which had prevented him from struggling to the surface.

He must have slipped and fallen into the pool, in the deep gleam of the wood, had walked over the edge before he knew he had reached the spot.

For the next three weeks I was, happily for myself, unconscious of everything. The frightful occurrence threw me into a brain fever, and sometimes I raved wildly, sometimes lay for hours in a heavy stupor. But I lived; would that I had not!

When I was able to understand anything, I learned that Wilford was in London, and constantly inquired after me. As to my husband, it would never be known how he had fallen. The black waters of the pool kept their secret. How fatal to me had been that Wishing Pool!

There was no chance of my making a full recovery at Brandon, with its terrible associations. So soon as I could be moved I went to Italy with Connie and her husband, and gradually my health came back.

It was evident that I had not, in my ravings, betrayed the secret that was an incessant torture to me—the secret of my love for Raoul Wilford. Connie pressed by me, said that I sometimes talked about a "face in the pool," but they naturally thought that referred to the dead man.

Months passed, and I traveled about from place to place, accompanied, when my kind friends had to leave me, by my servant, but as time and change of scene lessened the shock of my husband's hideous and untimely death, and my bitter grief, my heart went back to the love that had only been, as it were, suspended—never banished; the love that seemed a wrong to the dead, and yet which, I told myself, again and again, was no sin, for I had no power against it. Where sin came in I was able to conquer.

Of course all this time I had heard nothing from Wilford, nor did I, except occasionally, hear of him. I tried to put from me the hope of seeing him—the knowledge that he would surely seek me when sufficient time had elapsed to release him from his promise.

Eighteen months after my husband's death I, living in Paris, received a short letter from Raoul Wilford. Might he call and see me—as a friend? His chivalrous reticence touched me deeply. I answered him, bidding him come.

When we met, I think he was calmer than I was. He was the friend only, though I knew that he loved me as passionately as ever. I went to London, and for six months the friendly footing was outwardly maintained.

Wilford did not call very often; then he came more frequently, and at last one day he broke down the barrier.

It was one winter afternoon—just such as when he first betrayed his passion to me, and claimed me as his by right of a mysterious destiny or affinity which joined us together. I was sitting alone by the firelight when he entered, unannounced, as he had done of late.

"Dreaming!" he said, softly, advancing—and the firelight flashed on his golden hair as he bent over my hand. He took his place by my side, keeping my hand in his.

I tried to draw it away, but he held it the closer, and said, with a kind of suppressed passion in his voice:

"No, Rena, you must be merciful to me. Have I not been patient? And you also—my dearest. You have been loyal and faithful—but your heart is mine—and it is eight years since I first loved you! You cannot resist—sooner or later the prophecy must be fulfilled—and you must be my wife!"

He folded his arms about me and drew me to him, and this time I yielded wholly, let me hold him as long as he would, and kiss my lips at his will, and as I lay on his breast, my memory leaped back to the day when Brian had asked me to be his wife.

How cold had seemed his love compared with this man's passion? Oh! would he always so worship and cherish me?

"Always," he said, answering the unspoken thought. "I must always be your lover, my own; for Fate gave you, and none other, to me—gave me, and none other, to you!"

The strange words which seemed to make us so completely the slave of an iron handed Destiny, startled, almost frightened me.

"It was not so with me!" I said, involuntarily.

He strained me to him with a force that took my breath, and something of the look I had seen twice before flashed into his eyes.

"You did not understand," he said, in a curious, hard, dry way. "You crossed your fate—the fault was yours!"

I did not know what he meant, but he soothed me with a hundred endearments, and, for a time, I forgot the words.

We were married in a month from that day, and my husband took me traveling again for a time. My Brandon friends were delighted that I had found happiness after all I had suffered, and Connie implied that she thought Raoul Wilford more suited to me than my first husband had been.

Truly it was Fate. My school-girl wish had come true, in spite of all that seemed to make it impossible. And I was happy, with that delirous happiness that makes one tremble for its long endurance.

Months made no change in Raoul; he was always my lover, impassioned, tender; exacting—yes, but never selfish or jealous; as to the last, he seemed to think it impossible there could be any reason for it.

"You are mine," he said once. "You could never give a thought to any other man, or I to any woman. Whatever happens, you cannot escape your destiny."

"You are a fatalist!" I said, half-uneasily.

He drew me to his breast, and held me a long time in silence. Then he said slowly:

"Your life and my life henceforth must be one. Whatever and whoever come between us must perish!"

I shuddered as I clung to him. Was my husband's awful death, then, only a turn in the wheel of this grim fate? Must he, guiltless, all unknowing, be sacrificed to an inexorable law of affinity?

I tried not to think of these things; they appalled me. To Raoul they seemed so clear; to me they were confusing, bewildering, dreadful.

We had been married two years and still no cloud had come over our happiness, when one day a packet arrived for me by the same post that brought me a letter from Connie, then staying at Brandon Hall. I opened the letter first, and read:

"My Dear Rena,

"I am posting to you something which your husband may like to have back, although it is quite useless. Do you remember the lovely gold watch he used to wear when he was here four years ago, with his name and crest engraved? He said one day it was a keepsake; and I thought he told us just before he left, when some one asked him the time, that his watch had stopped. That must have been a mistake, though he never mentioned losing it. It was fished up yesterday from the Wishing Pool. A village boy was dipping a net in to catch fish or tittlebats, when he brought up the watch, which was caught among some reeds. I don't know when Mr. Wilford lost it there, or how; it seems funny, but he will remember. Please give him my best regards, and with much love,

"Yours always,
"Connie."

I sat with that letter in my hand, a red mist before my eyes, an icy coldness creeping through my veins. When had Raoul lost his watch? He had it on the morning of that awful Christmas Eve; I remember him taking it out to look at the time.

His only visits to the Wishing Pool were on the day after my arrival at Brandon, and the two occasions he had been to assist in dragging for my husband's body. He left the house, Connie had told me, the day after Christmas Day, finding that he could do no more for anyone, and might be only, therefore, in the way.

How, even in the dragging operations, could the watch have fallen into the water, and why had he never mentioned the loss to me, or to anyone? Still, the watch might have so fallen—only it was attached to a chain.

Great Heaven! why was I asking all these questions? Some horror was creeping over me, I must shake it off. With trembling fingers I opened the packet, removed sundry layers of wool in a little wooden box, and there lay the watch, almost black from long immersion in the water.

The hands pointed to half-past four! But what drove all the blood from even my lips was the bit of broken chain attached to the watch! How was it Connie had not noticed this! I sat like one stricken to stone, staring at it, staring with eyes that could see nothing else in Heaven or earth.

Yet I heard the door open and close, heard my husband's step, heard his soft voice say, "Why, Rena, sweetheart, what are you looking at so intently?" and I rose up, and turned round, facing him full, holding out the watch, face upwards, in my hand, the chain dangling down.

"This!" I said. He did not start, or cry out; his marvelous self control did not, even in this supreme moment, so far desert him; but even he could not help the bluish pallor that crept over his features; till he looked like a dead man, with only those burning eyes living, that looked into my soul—laid bare to me his naked soul.

It was not my will that spoke at last; it was some power that ruled me, that my lips obeyed mechanically, as I still stood, holding out that awful silent witness in my unshaking hand.

"It was you who first spoke of the Wishing Pool, and lured him on to suggest going there. You did not leave him as you said; you went with him; passed behind him, while he stood all unthinking, and suddenly pushed him forwards; but he only staggered, and clutching wildly at you, caught the chain of your

watch, and snapped it off; the watch leaping out from the pocket. In that same instant you flung him from you—and he fell into the black water; that was at half-past four. On Christmas Day you told some one your watch was stopped, but you did not say how is was, you did not tell them a murdered man dragged it down with him to his derth. I know now what you meant when you said that whoever came between your life and mine must perish."

Throughout he never moved his eyes from mine; and when I ceased, he answered me:

"It was my destiny and yours. I might have been your lover. You denied me, and forced me on to the one means of claiming my right—crime. There was no other way. I told you once that the fault was yours; you crossed the web of our fate, and so, being only ignorant, and not wrong by intention, you made me what I am—a murderer; not by will of hatred or malice, but because it was my destiny, and I must fulfil it."

Was this man, who made of Fate a monster that crushed out all moral sense, all moral power, indeed man or devil? Devil! No! He was loving, devoted, unselfish, capable of the noblest deeds; yet capable also of the most hideous crime that could blacken a human soul, and send it to perdition! Was he indeed then, the creature of a grim and inexorable Destiny? Was he, in so far as that destiny ruled him and me, irresponsible?

Not once had I seen in him the signs of a conscience ill at ease. Confronted now with his horrible guilt, accused by the woman he worshipped, to gain whom he had committed the sin no love could pardon, there was no inward conviction of guilt; he was fully conscious of all that his crime was to me, to himself it was only an inevitable deed which he was forced to commit, being the mere tool of fate. He came a step nearer to me.

"I have loved you," he said, as never woman was loved. We have known such happiness these two years as were well purchased by an eternity of torment. But though you will leave me now; though you will cast me off as a traitor and assassin, you will me mine always, in death as in life. I shall claim you in the world beyond the grave. You will love me, through all time and eternity. You and are one flesh—one soul—for ever!"

He clasped me in his arms; I felt his burning lips on mine, and then I knew no more. For weeks and months I wandered through a dreamland of unspeakable anguish.

I knew afterwards, when I awoke, the mere wreck of my former self, that I had been mad. They told me that I had never once uttered my husband's name. That I had kept the hideous secret that parted us.

I asked where he was; and they answered me that no one knew. He had left the house one day, when I was found in a deadly swoon, and had never returned or been heard of since. It was Connie who told me this. I took her hand and said:

"You remember the day when I, a thoughtless school-girl, went to the Wishing Pool. I would not tell you what I saw that day in those fatal waters. It was the face of Raoul Wilford."

And I loved him still! Yes, though that love was unspeakable torment, I loved, with a passionate worship, the man whose hand was red with my husband's blood.

Two nights ago he came to my bedside, and knelt, stretching out his hands to me. His golden hair was wet and tangled, and dank reeds hung about him; his dark eyes met mine with passionate pleading, yet claimed me still.

I know that he is lying there under the black waters; but he cannot rest, he needs me—he draws me to him, and I must go. Last night he came again, and he drew nearer this time, and took my hands in his that were deadly cold, and drew my lips to his ashen lips. I am his, in death as in life! I must go to him.

* * * * *

To-night! It is Christmas Eve. They do not fear to leave me; they think I am better; and so I shall be alone. Hush! the wind is sighing among the fir trees, and the bells are ringing for Christmas Day.

No one will hear me; I can steal out softly, and go to join my love. I can lay my head on his breast once more, and dream the old happy dreams. He will not come for me again to night; he knows that I am coming to him; and so he waits, with a smile on his lips, and the passionate love in his eyes, looking up to me as they looked that day long ago through the dark waters of the Wishing Pool.

AGENTS OF DESTRUCTION.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder, as we know it, something in the nature of artillery was used for the projection of Greek-fire, and as we know from various sources, vinegar was used to put out the fire.

But it did not throw a projectile, and the great object of the fighting animal, man, was to obtain a force that would hurl a destructive missile to a great distance, while the thrower remained in comparative security.

Now the first known formula for the composition of gunpowder is said to occur in an Arabic manuscript of the thirteenth century, where the ingredients are given as ten parts of saltpetre, two parts of charcoal, and one and a half part of sulphur.

This was not a very efficient mixture, and when, in the first half of the following century, cannon came into use in Europe—small arms were somewhat later—the composition seems to have been something like ten per cent. of sulphur, fifteen per cent of charcoal, and seventy-five per cent. of saltpetre.

This was reduced to dust, and it got so mixed with dirt and other matter as to be very uncertain in its effects; for which reason it was slow, at first, coming into favor in European warfare.

The first cannon were of wood bound with leather, and then iron hoops were introduced. From the use of iron hoops to the use of iron entirely was an easy transition, but brass cannon were for long the most esteemed. Some of the brass guns of the fifteenth century are said to have been capable of throwing stone balls weighing over six hundredweight. Such a gun was employed in 1449 by Mahomet the Second in besieging that very city of Constantinople which eight hundred years previously had been defended with Greek-fire.

Breech-loading cannon were used by Cortez in Mexico in 1519, and were in existence in England 1545. But they were soon given up, and muzzle-loading was adopted until quite recent times.

To return, however, to gunpowder. This, as we have said, was at first produced and used in the form of dust, but in time it was perceived that the explosive power was greater when the powder was granular.

This led to investigations of the size of grain, kind of glazing, and other details which affect the explosive and projectile quality of the composition.

The great disadvantage of gunpowder in warfare is the smoke created by the discharge. Some military critics, it may be remarked, are of opinion that the quantity of smoke has quite as great compensating advantages, and at some military manœuvres smoke was purposely caused in order to conceal the movements of the troops.

But for many years past the efforts of scientists have been bent on the production of an absolutely smokeless powder. Several so called smokeless powders have been produced, but they are not absolutely smokeless.

What is called smokeless powder is obtained by using nitrate of ammonia instead of saltpetre, straw charcoal instead of wood charcoal, and a smaller proportion of sulphur.

Some thirty years ago a smokeless powder was introduced into the Austrian Army, which was thought a great success—for a time. It was made of gun cotton, in long strips not unlike the shape of modern cordite; but it could not be kept for any length of time, and the factory blew up.

This difficulty of preservation seems to apply to all or nearly all the smokeless powders yet introduced, as their tendency is to absorb moisture. The smoke from the discharge of gunpowder consists of finely divided particles of sulphate and carbonate of potassium, and amounts to about fifty per cent. of the total products of combustion, the other products being gaseous.

The idea of smokeless powder is that the products of combustion should be entirely gaseous, and the employment of quick firing guns has made such a result more and more desirable.

In the effort to obtain smokeless gunpowder, we have procured three new powerful explosives, namely, blasting gelatine, reputedly the most powerful of all known explosives; dynamite considered the cheapest; and gun-cotton said to be the safest to handle.

The characteristic of these three explosives is that they instantaneously and totally explode, while gunpowder burns and pushes its way.

One of the most recently invented explosives is melinite, which is a composition of gun-cotton, picric acid, and gum arabic, and is said to be three times as powerful as gunpowder.

Picric acid is formed by the action of nitric acid on carbolic acid. Melinite powder was designed for use in the Lebel magazine rifle, and also in those mysterious shells about which so much was recently heard in France.

The name of deadly explosives now is legion, and the present object of science seems to be to find the best construction of exploding shell to do the greatest amount of damage at the longest range.

As a filler of bombs and shells and torpedoes the days of gunpowder are numbered. There is another change, too, in the character of shells.

Instead of a ball of great strength to penetrate heavy armor and then explode, the aim is to produce a thin shell of large size that will shatter without penetrating the object fired at. Thus a shell has been made filled with gun cotton saturated with paraffin, the explosive action of which is so tardy that the shell can be forced right into thick armor before it explodes, with terrific effect; while shells filled with picric acid, or melenite, can be thrown by mortars so as to operate with even greater effect from the outside.

We have perfected a pneumatic gun with which we can throw a charge weighing six hundred pounds of dynamite and blasting gelatine; and this gun can, it is said, be used with any explosive, without the risk of premature explosion of which ordinary guns are more or less liable.

The problem which is chiefly occupying experts just now is how to produce the most destructive shell, allied with the most perfect method of explosion.

LEARNING TO SING.—An amusing description of the method adopted by French singing masters was recently given by a writer in the Paris Figaro. Take M. Delsarte, for example, who lives on a sixth floor at Montmartre.

When a young man goes to this professor, something like the following scene takes place: "Have you courage?" "Yes." "I warn you my way is severe. But we will try it. Run down my six flights of stairs as quickly as possible, and then run up again, crying out 'Bonifaccio' in varying tones. Do that for eight days, an hour and a half each day. Then we shall see about beginning lessons."

The famous M. Wartel is less severe, though equally original. He asks a candidate to vocalize with closed mouth, and, if a protest be entered against the possibility of such a thing, exclaims, "So much the worse. You must do it, if I am to be your professor."

But a well-known tenor employs a stranger method still. A young lady goes to him, for example, and is met by an order to stretch herself at full length upon a coach. She remonstrates, but finally obeys, and then the master piles upon her a heap of books, surmounting the whole with a glass filled with water.

"Now sing," he commands.

"Sing, sir!" exclaims the victim.

"Yes, my child; in singing you must respire as little as possible. When you sing thus, so as not to spill the water, I will undertake your training—not before."

THE GAMIN AND THE BEGGAR.—One of the French journals has the following:—"A mischievous by, to plague one of the blind men who beg on the Pont des Arts, made a hole in a sou and attached it to a piece of string; he then dropped the coin into the mendicant's little cup, but when the latter, hearing it fall, proceeded to feel for it, the boy jerked it out.

This trick he repeated five or six times, to the great indignation of the blind man, and next day he did a more impudent thing. He went up to the blind man, and in a voice of affected compassion, said, "I have seen with pain the trick which has been played on you by a mischievous boy, and you would do well to chastise him. I now see him coming along the bridge, and if you hear anything drop into your basin it will be dropped by him."—'Thank you,' replied the beggar, 'I shall be prepared for him,' and he grasped his walking-stick. Presently a respectable gentleman dropped a sou into his cup. Up jumped the mendicant and cried, 'Ah! I have caught you at last! I promised to chastise the rogue who played me a trick.' The gentleman greatly astonished cried for help, and was rescued by the passers-by. As to the boy he contrived to get away."

At Home and Abroad.

Medical authorities assert that crying is the chief and best exercise for young children, and one hospital superintendent says that a healthful baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at a time.

The Postmaster General of England, has from time to time received suggestions of several methods for conveying the royal mails besides locomotives. Among others was one made by a royal engineer, who advised that the mails should be inclosed in shells and fired from one stage to another. A good bombardier would be able to drop a shell within a few feet of the mortar or cannon which would be required to send it on to the next station.

The attention of the United States Fish Commission has recently been called to a new and remarkable industry, that of the artificial propagation of alligators for supplying the trade in Florida curiosities. The incubator system employed is quite simple. The eggs, which are about the size of those of the goose, are placed in boxes of sand and covered up. The boxes are exposed on a roof to the torrid rays of a tropical sun, and in a few days the young reptiles are hatched.

Superstition reigns tyrannically in many rural districts in Italy. Lately a fortune teller prophesied to a young farmer and his sister, living near Noto, Sicily, that on the evening before a certain feast day both would die a violent death. This so affected the minds of the poor dupes that they became insane and rushed shrieking through the streets. A brother of these unfortunates then came somehow to the conclusion that the calamity was due to the witchcraft of their stepmother, and in a fit of blind rage he killed the poor woman with a hoe.

The Salvation Army of Denver, Col., is decidedly progressive. It has added to the regular infantry a cavalry corps of young women. It is said that when the cavalry made its first public appearance the sight was most imposing. The uniform comprises dark blue skirt, red waist with wide rolling collar, and the regulation bonnet. But it is reported that the army proposes to be entirely up to date, and officers are now considering the advisability of adding a bicycle corps for service about the larger cities of the West and to provide a flying column for work in the plains towns.

A director of the Metropolitan Traction Company, of New York, which is to introduce the underground current, announces that the company will have a number of private cars furnished with all luxuries and intended for theatre parties and excursions. These cars will be furnished with pianos, cooking ranges and refrigerators, fitted out with costly furniture, and in every way as finely appointed as many yachts. There will be raised seats on the roofs like the Broadway stages, and all facilities for observation. Electric fans will be provided, and colored electric lights.

The most remarkable thing about a mocking bird is its way of laying out a range. In the autumn it goes South and establishes itself for the winter on a patch of ground that will yield berries and other food enough to last until the following spring. The tract is determined respecting boundaries with as much accuracy as a mining prospector would use in staking out a claim. Perhaps it may be only fifty yards square, or it may have a length and breadth of as much as one hundred yards. The space depends mainly upon the food supply in sight; but the mocking bird is a great glutton and wants ten times the quantity that would be necessary to keep him alive. Having laid out his range, the owner will defend it with his life, and no other fruit eating bird is allowed to enter it.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature to do its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

TOBY.

BY E. O.

TOBY had a crossing between two big streets near the park. Every morning, wet or fine, he used to come here with his big broom over his shoulder ready to begin his day's work. Toby and his broom were great friends, and they never used to quarrel as some friends do, because Toby did all the talking and his friend only listened.

"Now then, old feller," he would say, "it's a wet day to day: so you must look alive and bustle about."

Then Toby and his broom would work away with a will, scattering the mud here and there, this way and that, until the crossing was, as Toby said to his broom, "a perfect pictur." And then, when the two were quite tired out with their hard work and were going to take a little rest, a great van would come along, splashing the mud right and left, and quite spoiling the "pictur" again. But Toby would not lose heart, and away he would go again, up and down the crossing until not a speck of mud was left.

Toby had not many friends in the world besides his broom. His father was dead, and his mother was often so ill that she could not do any work: so Toby had to earn enough money for work. If hard work and good-will could have brought money, Toby would have been very rich indeed; but the people who passed over his well-swept crossing were much too busy with their own affairs to notice the little sweeper who worked away so hard with his big broom. So Toby did not get many "coppers," and he often used to go home in the evening with a pocket as empty as when he came in the morning. Then Toby would cheer up his friend.

"Never mind, old chap," he would say to his broom; "perhaps we shall have better luck to-morrow."

Most people like a bright, sunshiny day, but Toby was never so happy as when it was raining or going to rain. Every evening, before going home, he would look up in the sky, and if he saw some big black clouds he would throw his cap into the air for joy.

"Hurrah, old chap!" he would cry to his broom; "the jolly old rain is coming, and to-morrow we shall have plenty of mud."

At the corner of the street where Toby stood was a very large house, and in it there lived a very little lady. Every morning, just as the big clock down the street had struck eleven, this little lady came out of the big house with her nurse and her dog, and passed over Toby's crossing on their way to the park. At first Toby was rather frightened of them, for the dog was very big and looked very fierce, and it used to come and sniff at Toby's legs as if to say, "I should like a piece of those." And then his little mistress would cry, "Down, Fido, down!" But after some time the two became quite friendly, and when Fido passed Toby, instead of snarling and sniffing, he wagged his tail, which was his way of saying "Good morning."

One day Fido's little mistress stopped and held out a penny to Toby. Toby looked at her little white hand and then at his own grubby paw, and when he took the penny he was very careful not to let his hand touch hers. After that, every time the little girl came out of the big house, she stopped and gave him a penny. Toby was now even more energetic than ever over his crossing. At a quarter to eleven, just before the little girl came out for her morning walk, if anyone had passed by that way they would have seen him brandishing his broom right and left, sweeping up and down his crossing until he was quite red in the face and not a speck of mud was to be seen.

"It ain't as if she had boots like me," said Toby to his broom when the last speck of mud had been swept away. "It don't matter to my boots how much mud gets on 'em, 'cos the muddier they are the better they looks. But the little leddy's boots are such dainty little fellers, with their little buttons all up their sides like a page-boy's weskit, that it would be a reg'lar shame to let the mud get on 'em."

One day Toby had just finished brushing away the very last little specks of mud from his crossing, and he stood waiting for the clock to strike eleven and for the little girl to come out for her morning walk. He stood watching the door of the big house, and presently saw it open, and the little girl and her nurse, and Fido, came out. Fido bounded down the steps, barking with delight at the thought of a walk through the park. He raced across the road to Toby, and then stood wagging his tail and waiting for his little mistress.

The little lady and her nurse stepped into the road, and were walking over Toby's crossing when, at that moment, a hansom cab dashed round the corner. The cabman shouted, the nurse screamed, and Fido barked. But it was too late. In another second the horse would be upon the little girl. Toby's heart stood still, and for a moment he shut his eyes. Then he rushed forward under the horse's hoofs, and seized the little girl. Then he felt a violent pain in his head, and after that he remembered no more.

When Toby awoke he found himself in a tiny bed, in a large room where there were a lot of other little beds. Bending over him was a lady in a white collar and cap, who was stroking his forehead with a soft white hand.

"Do you feel better, dear?" she asked.

"Where am I?" said Toby in a very weak voice.

"You are in the hospital, dear."

Toby shut his eyes and thought. Then he remembered rushing under the horse's hoofs and seizing the little girl.

"Was the little leddy hurt?" said Toby.

"No," said the lady, "you saved her life."

A smile of pleasure came over Toby's face; but then an anxious look came into his eyes.

"Where is my broom?" he asked.

"I think it is broken, dear," said the lady. "But never mind, when you get well we will buy you a new one."

Poor Toby burst into tears when he heard his broom was gone, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"We was always good friends, we was," he said. "Him and me always got on well together, we did. I shall never be able to sweep no more."

Toby had to stay a very long time in the hospital. When he had saved the little girl, he had been knocked over, and the cab had gone over his right arm and had broken it.

But the time flew quickly by, too quickly for Toby, who had never been so happy before. Everything was strange to him; but everything was delightful.

It was a treat to Toby to lie in his tiny little white bed and to gradually fall into pleasant dreams, and it was nice when he woke up to see the kind face of his nurse bending over him to see if he wanted anything.

Then every day, after his arm had been bandaged up by the doctor, a little girl—his "little leddy"—came with her nurse, bringing all sorts of good things to eat, and pretty things to play with, so that Toby wished he could always have a broken arm.

But at last the arm got well, and the time came for Toby to leave the hospital where he had had such a happy time.

One day a gentleman called who said he was the little girl's father, and he asked Toby whether he would like to be a page-boy at the big house opposite his old crossing.

You may be sure Toby's eyes glistened at the thought of living in the big house, and of seeing his "little leddy" every day, and you may be sure he was not long in saying "Yes."

So when he came out of the hospital the little girl's father bought him a suit of clothes, with beautiful brass buttons all down the front, and he looked so grand that he said to his mother, "If he had met himself in the street, he wouldn't have knowed himself." And I don't suppose he would—do you?

BOB'S PRIZE.

BY L. B.

A GROUP of boys were standing one day by a village pond. They were evidently tormenting something in the water and enjoying themselves very much. Only now and then one less hardened than the others would exclaim—

"Let the poor little wretch be!"

Fortunately for the poor little kitten which was struggling in the water there was more grass than stones at hand, or it must have been killed, and then the great bull dog Bob might never have won the prize.

Suddenly a deep-toned bark sounded near at hand. At the first notes, the bullies dropped the pebbles or grass they held and listened; but when the second bark came nearer still, there was a cry from all—

"It's Bob!"

And all the boys took to their heels like the cowards that they were.

Bob, the squire's bull-dog, came bounding to the scene of action. He hated boys of any kind, but most of all he hated ragged, naughty boys, and he never saw a knot of them together without considering it was his duty to disperse them.

He caught sight of the youngsters at the pond as he was starting for his morning walk, and he dashed up like a steam engine to see what they were after.

The boys, meanwhile, had scrambled into various trees, and watched the enemy's proceedings.

Bob looked round with a sneer on his already well-turned-up nose, and was perhaps reflecting on the cowardice of bullies, when he caught sight of something struggling to climb up the edge of the pond.

"My!" exclaimed Jack Hunter, the boy who had pleaded for mercy, "I wouldn't give much for the little beggar's life if Bob gets hold of it."

But Jack was wrong. Bob could be gentle as he was strong. He seized the poor, exhausted kitten and trotted gravely home with it in his mouth.

"No, Bob, no; we don't want any drowned rats here," said the squire as he met his favorite dog.

But Bob trod majestically on till he reached his own kennel, then he dropped the poor kitten on the nice clean straw and began licking it all over.

Half-an-hour afterwards Squire Strange, looking in, found Bob lying fast asleep with the kitten nestled between his big paws.

That was the beginning of the strange friendship between the wee kitten and the big bull-dog. Where Bob went, there pussie was bound to go too. Sometimes she would ride on his back, sometimes Bob would carry her in his mouth, and sometimes the kitten would leap about by his side; but wherever one was, there you would find the other.

Now it happened one day that a dog show was to be held about three miles off, and Bob's master determined that he should go.

"He's bound to get a prize," the squire said to his coachman.

"Yes, sir, if he don't cut up rusty at being shut up in one of them cages. Bob's got a temper, sir, and if they do anything he don't like he'll let 'em know it."

The squire laughed.

"Never fear, Bob will be all right. You had better take that kitten away overnight. Lock her up in the loft, and tell your boy George to feed her, but not to let her out all day to-morrow."

The kitten was taken away, and Bob spent the night howling, till the coachman got out of bed and whipped him.

"I suppose it was the moon," he remarked next morning to the squire, but his eight year old son knew better.

He fed the kitten as his father had told him, then he tied a piece of blue ribbon round her neck and crept out of the loft very quietly with pussie in his arm.

Meanwhile Bob had been dragged most unwillingly to the show. He was accustomed to freedom, and resented the chain by which the coachman led him. Still more did he resent being thrust into a sort of cage, and having numbers of people staring at him. Finally he turned his back on everyone, curled himself up in the farthest corner of his box, giving an occasional growl if anyone rattled the bars to rouse him, and looking a perfect picture of sulkiness and discontent.

"I thought Squire Strange's bull-dog was to be here," said one of the judges. "He ought certainly to take the first prize."

"He is here, I believe," was the reply; "but he's in such a bad temper that no one can get to look at his points. Hallo! what is that? This isn't a cat show!"

A tabby kitten was rushing about from cage to cage, mewing piteously, as if looking for something. Suddenly Bob gave a start, shook himself out of his bad temper, and uttered one loud glad bark. The kitten sprang through the bars, and when the judges came round again, they had no difficulty in finding Squire Strange's Bob, for there wasn't another dog to equal him.

As for the kitten, she was just bubbling over with delight at having found her big friend, and began playing with his tail as if it were a mere reel of cotton.

"How on earth did the kitten get here, I wonder?" said the squire, when he saw them together. He did not know for a long time that little George had carried her all the way, and then given her a push in among the dog kennels, to find her friend.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Over 28 per cent. of America's foreign immigrants come from Germany.

A New York World reporter has succeeded in flying by means of a bicycle having two wings.

A hen at Lawrenceburg is said to have built her nest in a tree 30 feet from the several years.

Persons bearing the same surname, although they may not be related in any way, are forbidden to marry in China.

A petrified frog, found in an Elmira, N. Y., stone quarry in 1886, was two feet and eight inches in length and weighed 160 pounds.

Chicago has a bird hospital, the only one of its kind, it is said, in this country. Here sick and wounded birds are received and cared for.

Women are now employed as letter carriers at Aix-la-Chapelle; their uniform is a black skirt, yellow belt, and a flat ginzed hat with a yellow band.

In passing from darkness into light the eye is pained because the pupil is widely expanded and so much light enters as to cause pain to the optic nerve.

A snake 14 feet long has, according to report, been stealing ducks, geese, chickens, peacocks and other delicacies from a farm at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

A Japanese war song was recently sent to "Le Monde Moderne" from Tokio, the tune of which turns out to be "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

Nail-biting, according to a French doctor, is hereditary. Almost one third of the French school children bite their nails, and the girls are worse than the boys.

A society has been formed in London which proposes to print literal and absolutely complete and unexpurgated English translations of the Greek authors of note.

It is estimated that 10,000 rats driven out by the fire in a building in Blackfriars, London, were recently drowned in the Thames in attempting to reach the opposite shore.

A Minnesota judge was done in Court at a town some miles distant. He adjourned a referred case to the car, heard evidence en route and granted the petition before getting off the train.

New York has the greatest amount of capital invested in farm implements and machinery, the sum total being $40,650,465; Pennsylvania is second, with $39,046,855; Iowa is third, with $39,001,315.

It is said that there will be erected in all the public squares of Copenhagen small pavilions, or kiosks, containing public telephones, conveniences for writing and an office for receiving letters.

Protestant church bells rang out for the first time in Vienna a Sunday or two ago, a set of bells having been presented to the church which was built a few years since, after a long resistence on the part of the government.

A New York paper has found by actual count that those who rode bicycles in that city on Sunday last outnumbered the persons who drove horses by five to one. It used to be that the rich rode in their chaises on Sunday, and the poor walked.

A few mornings ago a hawk pounced down on a thrush in the garden of an English correspondent. At the same moment a cat sprang upon the hawk and bore it off triumphantly with the thrush still in its talons. Both birds were afterward rescued uninjured.

In Carrollton, Me., the other day, a man and wife who had driven in to see the circus stopped at a doctor's house to ask what ailed the child they had with them. The child was dead. Then they asked if they could leave the body in the doctor's backyard while they saw the show. And they did.

If there is any truth in the old saying that a season of abundant wild fruits and nuts presages a cold and snowy winter, severe weather may be expected from December to March next. All the wild fruits have been unusually abundant, and there is promise of an equally abundant nut crop.

All the Italian torpedo boats not already having petroleum furnaces are to be supplied with them. The burners are the invention of the Italian engineer Cunfiberti. They are being tried in the German and French navies. England alone has paid no attention to liquid fuel for small high-speed war vessels.

In spite of the fact that Lombroso and his school assert that tattooing is a sure mark of delinquency, the custom of indelibly marking the skin is said to be rapidly spreading in London society. A member of Parliament recently had the name and address marked upon each member of his family in order to aid identification in case of accidents.

A La Crosee photographer has adopted a new method to keep infants' attention fixed while he is taking their pictures. He has a little kitten which at these times he places on top of the camera and during the process a few pulls of the tail suffices to make the animal [illegible] and at the same time fixes the child's gaze. The plan has worked admirably.

DO YOU FORGET?

BY W. W. L.

Down in the dell where oft we met,
In happy time of June,
Beside the cool spring bubbling up
Where birds sing love's sweet tune;
To day I stood in solitude—
Do you the time forget
I placed upon your throbbing breast
A dainty violet?

SAFES AND BURGLARS.

A few years ago a cashier in one of the National Banks in New Mexico, was busy at work one evening in the office when his quick ear detected some curious sounds. They seemed to proceed from a subterranean region; and he was not long in concluding that robbers must be tunneling from an adjoining building to the vault in the bank.

Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Those within observed the masonry of the bank to be giving way. Meantime, the robbers appeared to be hard at work, and quite unaware that they were being watched. At one o'clock in the morning, a Mexican volunteered to descend into the bank cellar so as to discover the actual situation. Scarcely had he gone a few paces down the stairs, when he met some one coming up. The Mexican fired without saying a word and shot the man dead.

It was observed that he was one of the masons who had built the bank, and therefore was acquainted with its vulnerable points. The report of fire-arms alarmed his accomplices, for they fled, and escaped. The tunnel gave evidence of the long and patient work of the robbers. It was sixty feet in length, constructed on scientific principles, contained provisions, water, and a full outfit of mining tools, and must have been three months in making. The robbery appeared to be planned for the time of the month when the bank received large remittances of currency and coin.

An extraordinary and daring robbery was that which took place at the Central Bank of Western India, Hong-kong, in 1865, when the thieves succeeded in getting clear off with gold and specie to the extent of nearly $300,000. The robbers must have been at work for some weeks before they entered the bank's treasury. Their principal labor was in constructing a tunnel of sixty feet from an adjacent drain to a spot exactly below the floor of the bank's treasury-vault.

A perpendicular shaft of ten feet of sufficient diameter was then made, to permit of the passage of one man to reach the granite boulders on which the floor of the vault rested. These gave way through being undermined; and a flag being forced up, entrance to the vault was at once obtained. Two boxes were removed containing gold bars or ingots marked with the bank's stamp, as well as all the paper money, some bags of dollars, and a box of ten-cent pieces.

No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspicion. One of them had six thousand dollars in his possession, and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark. The robbery was effected between a Saturday and Sunday; and the first thing that roused suspicion was the fact of a little boy trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawker in one of the bazaars in Hong-kong. A gentleman who was passing asked where he got the gold, and the boy replied that it had been found at a certain place. He gave the youth what he asked for it—namely, a dollar—and then informed the police.

Some years ago, an equally daring robbery took place at the late Cape of Good Hope Bank, Kimberley. One Sunday morning the manager of this bank opened his cash-safe to get a parcel of diamonds which were under his custody, when he found several loose bags of money lying about the safe floor. This rather puzzled him; but on looking around, he spied an opening in the wall of the safe, and came to the conclusion that a burglar had been at work. The police were applied to; and they found that the opening in the wall communicated with a large street drain in the vicinity. The total sum abstracted from the bank was about four thousand pounds; but on the drain being explored, about fifteen bags of silver, of the value of one hundred pounds each, were recovered.

Naturally interested in everything affecting not only the fabrication of bank-safes but also burglarious breaking into them, the Messrs. Chubb of London sent a representative to Kimberley to gather up any details of the robbery which would be of service to science in coping with crime.

This gentleman reported that the strong-room in question was composed of masonry, and that it was considered one of the strongest in South Africa. The walls of the room were three feet thick; and to get to these walls the burglars had first to penetrate through an outer wall four feet thick, and through three foundation walls each two feet thick, all these walls being constructed of solid cement and brickwork. There was also about twenty feet of earth to tunnel through; and the hole could not be made in a direct line, but had to be constructed with various turns, so as to enable the burglars with miners' tools to get through the softest places. The large drain through which the burglars approached their task opened out into a street, so that the thieves were provided with a convenient outlet. It was believed that a large retriever dog helped in the robbery, as it was seen to run out of the culvert with something hanging round its neck; but after being followed for some distance, all trace of it was lost.

In a recent attack on a bank safe in Paris, there were observed in front of the safe-door the fag-ends of numerous cigarettes, and the fragments of a feast, several empty wine bottles, chicken bones, etc., all testifying to the delicacy of the French burglar's palate and his love of good cheer.

They also evidenced that the burglars had been many hours engaged in their attempt, but had been foiled because the safe-door and safe-lock which they assailed was of good, solid make.

LIGHTLY TAXED.—The Chinese are the most lightly-taxed people in the world. They have no Chancellor of the Exchequer worried over budget making. All the land there belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to a sum equal to about five dollars per head yearly.

Grains of Gold.

They always talk who never think.

The great difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

Every young man must either go up the stream or drift down.

It costs the young man a pearl of great price for his first drink.

It costs something to do right, but a great deal more not to do it.

A mistake is sure to attract attention where a virtue would be overlooked.

The nation has no better friend than the mother who teaches her boy to pray.

The best time for the sinner to repent is when he first discovers that he is wrong.

The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who wants the most.

When a fool opens his mouth every one with good eyes can see clear through his head.

There is more help in an ounce of encouragement than there is in a ton of good advice.

Discretion is the salt, and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves, the other sweetens it.

Femininities.

Grecian women had longer feet than the average man has now.

"Love your enemies" is interpreted by women "Visit your enemies, and take tea with them."

Pure white geraniums, looking as though they were made of almost transparent wax, are grown by English florists.

Josephine made handkerchiefs popular in the present century. She had very bad teeth and always held a handkerchief before her lips when she laughed, to conceal the deformity.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis, in perfect confidence, "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?" "Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine!"

Fans came from the East during the Crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

A young lady who had accidentally lost her nose and had an artificial one, jokingly remarked that it did very well except for one thing—she could no longer turn up her nose at an acquaintance.

The bridal veil is a survival of the cloth borne by four maidens over the bride at a Saxon marriage to conceal the blushes of the poor girl at the coarse jests that were always bandied about on such occasions.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

Lawyer for the defense: "I charge the prosecution with attempting to intimidate our witness, Mr Enpec." Lawyer for the prosecution: "What have we done?" Lawyer for the defense: "Allowed his wife to visit him."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon Snooks wickedly observes that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

An English lady, on her arriving at Calais, was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, a "foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners: we are English."

Mr. Nuwed, on honeymoon tour: "My darling, we shall have to get out at once. The two front cars are telescoped and the whole train is on fire. Come, dear, come before it is too late." Mrs. Nuwed, determinedly: "No, dear: not until you have told me only once more that you love me."

It is stated that a device for producing dimples has been patented. It is a woman's idea. The device consists of a wire mask, put on when going to bed. By an arrangement of screws, pencils of wood are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired.

She: "You say you love me?" He: "With my whole soul." "And are anxious only for my happiness?" "No words could be truer." "Then, don't you think you ought to stop calling so often, and give some man, with income enough to live on, a chance to see me alone once in a while?"

Mrs. Dumpsey: "For shame, Willie! You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a girl—girls don't fight." Willie Dumpsey: "Yes; but ma, don't you think it's better to have a good, square fight and get all the mad out of you than to carry it around the way the girls do for months?"

It is probably a "fin de siecle" idea that prompts a woman with the fine old Saxon name of Edith, to spell it "Edythe," though "y" she should do so is not easy to tell. Are we to have Edyllie, Marye and Mercye, as we already have Olyve, Kathryn, and similar distortions of good old names, whether native or naturalized, familiar to American ears and eyes? Is not this an indication of degeneracy—individual, not national?

Princess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria-Hungary, is about to publish a volume of poems. That the work is intended to appeal to a large section of readers is evident from the announcement that the volume will be printed both in German and French. Another royal author whose writings will be soon issued is Prince George of Prussia. He is of somewhat advanced years, and the subject of the publication will be the recollections of his life, which has been devoted to the pursuit of literature and art.

Masculinities.

The wise man is he who asks a great deal of advice and takes a very little of it.

Agnes: "Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud: "Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."

The Queen, when she goes abroad, commands the leavings of her table to be carefully collected for the "Little Sisters of the Poor."

A London young man prints the "news" of a little circle of his acquaintances on postal cards, which are sent to those interested. There are jokes, cuts and advertisements as well.

Nurse: "Bertie, you naughty boy, leave off playing with your soldiers directly. Haven't I told you that you mustn't play with them on Sunday?" Bertie: "Yes, nurse; but this is a religious war."

Minnie: "Then do you really think Jack cares for me?" Maggie: "I'm sure of it. His eyes followed your every movement last night." Minnie, alarmed: "Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at supper?"

A cat belonging to a man in Kankakee, Ill., became so troublesome that the owner decided to drown it. He waded out into the river and plunged the cat beneath the water. Then he discovered that he had stepped into a hole. In a few minutes he was drowned. The cat went home alone.

Steinitz, the chess player, sometimes becomes so absorbed in considering a problem that he will stand still in the most crowded thoroughfare. It is related of him that on one occasion he caused such an obstruction that a policeman told him to move on. "Excuse me," replied the champion, absently, "but it is your move."

W. S. Stratton, the great mine owner, whose income is $1,200,000 per year, walked from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek three years ago, in order to save the $4 railroad fare. He is a carpenter by trade, and is described as "a modest, small sized man, with iron-gray hair and mustache, dressed in a plain business suit and wholly inconspicuous."

In applying for a marriage license a Chicago man signed the name of his employer to the affidavit, and was compelled, when he discovered his mistake, an hour later, to have the clerk make out another document. The man explained that for many years he had been accustomed to sign his chief's name to business papers, and it had become sort of second nature.

Emperor William must be a sort of Admirable Crichton by divine right. He can turn his hand to almost anything and not make a bad fit of it. The latest news from Berlin is that he is engaged upon an allegorical drawing relating to the European intervention between China and Japan, which, when painted by Herr Knackfuss, will be presented to the CZAR.

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow in 1807 he was asked by the Magistrates what inscription he recommended for the Nelson statue, then just erected. Sir John recommended a short one: "Glasgow to Nelson." "Just so," said one of the bailies; "and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we not juist say: 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a mile stone, too?"

The medals of Field Marshal Lord Hill, "Wellington's right arm," and for a time commander-in-chief of the English army, are to be sold at auction. Among them are the Waterloo medal, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, many foreign orders and swords of honor and the gold casket in which the freedom of the city of London was presented to him. It was only a month or so ago when Lord Nelson's medals were also sold at auction.

The march of improvement has compelled the destruction of the tomb of Benjamin Homans, located in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Washington, D. C. Homans was chief clerk of the War Department during the war of 1812, and at the time when the British invaded the capital he took steps, upon his own responsibility, to preserve the public records. The documents were placed aboard a canal boat, and carried to a point near the Hominy House, and stored in a barn near by until the danger was past.

A Connecticut man has patented a machine for making hats out of wood. A log wood, cut square, fed to the machine, is converted into fine strips of wood, much resembling excelsior. It is claimed that when these are moistened they can be woven much more readily than straw, and make a durable hat. The inventor says the substance is lighter in weight than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the straw now used for headgear.

A Baltimore journal tells of a little girl whose mother has guarded her against witnessing acts of violence or cruelty, and she is in ignorance of the methods employed in killing fowls for the table. Several days ago, unknown to the careful parent, the little girl strayed into the rear yard of her home, where a servant was killing a number of chickens for dinner by wringing their necks. The child watched the proceedings with great interest for several minutes, and then, in a glow of excitement, ran to her mother. "Mamma!" she cried, "just come and see the fun. Mary is winding the chickens up."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A pretty gown made of gray mohair was striped with satin. The bodice was entirely embroidered with black braid, back and front; the braiding around the waist forming a band, and that on the skirt marking the pockets. A large Louis XVI hat of black straw with a high crown, trimmed in black, with black plumes, complete the costume.

Another gown was made of blue serge and guipure with a plain skirt of serge. The small vest was ornamented with a very large collar, separated into two parts and rounded off in back. The front of the revers descends en cascade on each side. The collar and the revers are covered with a coarse guipure d'art ecru. The front is a plastron in white accordion pleated mousseline de soie. The broad belt is in orange velvet, this shade being fashionable. The tour de cou is also of orange. The hat was a very large black one, with bows of orange velvet at the back and covered with black feathers and aigrettes.

A ravissante gown is composed of cloth in a shade known as gris-bleu and changeable silk; it is adorned with Russian trimming, embroidered on an old gold ground. The fluted skirt, with tablier in front, is stitched at the bottom. The Russian trimming encircles the waist and covers the front seams.

The cloth bodice, with drooping shoulders, is fitted with two darts in the lining; the front is stretched; the back, which is snugly fitted at the shoulders, is gathered at the waist. The trimming which extends around the neck descends in a point in front almost to the waist. Five metal buttons adorn the trimming, the bodice being fastened invisibly. The draped collar of white mousseline de soie is garnished with two bows of the same. The draped sleeves are made of the changeable silk.

The gris bleu felt hat with turned up brim is adorned with wings and shaded pink velvet flowers.

A gown which will win the admiration of many is of sky-blue taffeta, covered with black tulle point d'esprit; on the edge of the tulle is a large quilling of blue taffeta. The blue corsage is covered with point d'esprit. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with large quillings of the same, the full godet skirt being trimmed in a similar manner.

The rice straw chapeau of a darker shade of blue is garnished with blue choux and bunches of black feathers.

A charming gown is fashioned of cream-colored crepe de chine embroidered with mauve flowers. The full skirt is embellished at the foot with three flounces of old Venetian lace, slightly full.

The corsage of Venetian lace is worn over a mauve transparent. The sleeves are of mauve mirior velvet.

The Florence straw hat is trimmed with branches of mauve flowers.

The parasol is of crepe de chine similar to the robe.

A stylish gown is of black and orange taffeta. The skirt and corsage are quite plain, the only adornment being a revers of black moire with orange pipings.

The neat hat is trimmed with black gauze and rolls of velvet.

This toilette can also be made in green and white, with revers of green moire, or in red and black, with dahlias on the hat, or in blue and black, with revers of black velvet.

Another gown of white serge was lined throughout with pink silk, which gave the appearance of a faintly shot fabric. The skirt had graduated rows of black tinsel-edged braid down either side of the front, terminating in upturned scrolls.

The bodice showed a perfectly plain yoke both back and front of pink silk, with twin scrolls of the braid on either side of the bodice, the large sleeves being also of pink.

Another pretty white gown had a trimming of decoupe embroidery over rich blue silk. Panels of this came down either side of the skirt, and the bodice and epaulettes and deep cuffs of it.

A pouch front gave to this bodice the effect of a blouse. The a jour embroidery is evidently still a popular trimming. A pale yellow tussah silk, made almost en princesse, was shown up by a lining of white glace, the sleeves, the skirt and the yoke of the bodice being a jour.

Another gown of navy blue alpaca had the seams of the skirt piped with scarlet silk. The little coat had a square collar of scarlet silk spotted with white, edged with frills of the same, finished with burr-colored Valenciennes. Full puffs of the alpaca formed the upper part of the sleeves. Below this there was a deep manche of the scarlet and at the wrist a ruche of alpaca.

Red serge and russet-colored sail cloth are acceptable modes amongst the white and other pale colored confections. A coat and skirt of red serge had horizontal bands of black velvet and enormous buttons of the same were arranged down the sides of both jackets and jupe, somewhat a la Pierrot.

The collar and cuffs of muslin and lace, which have obtained all the summer, are being superseded by silk ones. They are of plaid, spotted, striped chine, or plain varieties, and in shape they are sailor at the back, and in front pointed like a fichu. The grass lawn and batiste collars and cuffs are still used on navy or black serges.

Blue alpacas have been piped with white silk, and a complimentary collar and gauntlet cuffs of the same added.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Salad.—Cold new potatoes, sliced, and dished with a few slices of cucumber and some young onions, make a salad that is a wonderful improvement to a piece of cold meat.

Fried Carrots.—Pare and boil two good-sized carrots; drain thoroughly. Cut into rather thin slices, dip in egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat. Cold carrots may be re-cooked in this way.

Iced Tea.—For iced tea, strain the tea, after the five minutes' steeping, into a pitcher, and keep it closely covered in a cool place until ready to use it. Serve in tumblers half filled with cracked ice, a slice of lemon, and one or more lumps of sugar, according to taste.

Baked Cabbage.—Boil one small hard white head of cabbage until tender; drain, and, when cool, chop fine. Beat two eggs light, without separating; add gradually half a cup of milk or cream, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix with the cabbage, turn into a greased pudding dish, and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Summer Pudding.—Line a basin or an earthenware mould with slices of bread and butter, fitting them in neatly. Fill up the mould with any stewed fruit at hand, cover with a slice of bread and butter, and put the basin aside till next day. Serve with cold whipped cream or milk. The bread should be saturated with the fruit-juice and be of a pretty red color.

Draught Ginger-Beer.—Bruised ginger, half a pound; lump sugar, four pounds; cold water, four gallons. Mix and bring to a boil; boil for thirty minutes. Strain into a wooden tub or a cask. Put into a jug half a pound of citric acid, and pour on it three pints of boiling water, and pour this into the tub when dissolved. Stir all up well and allow to settle. The white of an egg will make the ginger-beer clear. When cold, it is ready for consumption.

Leg of Mutton.—A leg of mutton, if carefully managed, will give three very nice little dishes. Saw a good sized leg of mutton into three parts, and boil the shank end, serving it on a puree of turnips with caper sauce. The fillet end should be boned and stuffed like a fillet of veal, rolled in a greased paper, and cooked in the oven in a greased baking dish, then served with a clear meat gravy or some Espagnole or, if preferred, Soubise sauce. The middle cut should be sliced and broiled like a steak, and served with green peas or braised mushrooms.

Apple Sauce.—Stew soft half a dozen large sour apples and strain through a colander; add one half-cupful of sugar, one pint of good vinegar, one half-teaspoonful each of crushed cloves and cinnamon bark; boil fifteen minutes and serve cold. This is an accompaniment to meats.

Currant Turnovers.—Roll out plain pie crust for a large pie. Spread upon one-half the crust ripe or well drained canned currants. Sprinkle with flour, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and fold over the other half crust; pinch together the edges and bake a light brown.

Plum Marmalade Cake.—One cup milk, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups sugar, three-fourths cup butter, three-fourths cup plum marmalade, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Cream together the butter and sugar, add sufficient flour to make a stiff cake batter. Bake in three layers. Add one tablespoonful of marmalade to the beaten whites of two eggs and one half cup of sugar for the cake filling. Spread between the layers. Frost top with plain or caramel frosting.

Ham Pies.—To make crust for the pies take one quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls butter, one half-teaspoonful baking powder, sweet milk to make a soft dough. Mould smooth; roll out very thin; fill small shells with the crust; into each shell drop a large tablespoonful of ham filling; arrange a top crust criss-cross fashion in strips of dough, and bake quickly. For the ham filling, mince fine cold boiled ham; for each pint of ham add two tablespoonfuls of water and as many of melted butter.

Haddock Toast.—Pick the flesh from a smoked haddock, and pound it till smooth with some butter (this can be done over night); put it in a pan with some cayenne, lemon juice, a very few drops of essence of anchovy, and a little butter; stir it all over the fire till very hot, then pile it up on squares of fried or toasted bread, dust with pepper and finely chopped parsley, and serve.

Green Peas.—Green peas stewed in this way are delicious. Put into a stewpan a quart of peas, a large lettuce, an onion sliced, a sprig of mint, and a good-sized piece of butter. Season well with pepper and salt, and allow the vegetables to simmer very gently for one hour and a half. No water beyond that which clings to the washed lettuce is to be used. When ready to be served, beat up an egg, and stir it into the peas, and another little bit of fresh butter, and serve very hot.

Chicken in Scallop Shells.—To every pint of cold chopped chicken allow one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one cup of milk or cream, two hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter without browning; add the flour, stir till smooth; add the cream, stir continually until it thickens; then add the chicken, the hard boiled eggs, mashed fine, and the seasoning. Mix well, fill the shells, brush over the top with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and brown in a quick oven.

Diplomatic Pudding.—Butter a plain mould. Slice a stale sponge cake into rounds half an inch thick; dip each slice into sweet wine, lay it in the mould, placing between each slice strips of thin candied peel, sultana raisins, and a little desiccated cocoanut. Make a custard with sweetened milk and eggs (allowing two eggs to a pint of milk) sufficient to fill the mould. Leave to soak for an hour, then bake until set firm. Turn out when cold, and pour round it more boiled custard flavored with almond essence.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Basket of mushrooms; salt, cloves, mustard seed, allspice, black pepper, ginger. Wash and pick the mushrooms, and sprinkle with salt in proportion of quarter of a pound of salt to three pounds of mushrooms. Stir occasionally for two or three days. Squeeze out the juice, and to each quart of juice add half a teaspoonful each of cloves and mustard, and of allspice, black pepper, and ginger three-quarters of a teaspoonful each. Put all into a covered jar and allow it to heat gently till it reaches boiling point. Leave it so for a fortnight, and strain through muslin, and bottle for use. Should it show any appearance of spoiling, boil up once more with a little spice and salt.

Puff Paste for a Tart.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, the half of an egg. Put the flour on a bakeboard, and cut the butter in small pieces among it; bits as big as a nut. Beat the eggs up and put half of it in a cup with water; make the paste up with this egg and water to a stiff dough. Roll the dough out in a long narrow strip, flour it and fold it in three equal pieces, turn it round, and roll again in the opposite way also a long narrow piece, flour it and fold it, and turn it round and roll the third time the same way. Now double the piece and roll it large enough to cover your dish. Cover the dish neatly, putting some leaves on the top. Brush it over with the other half of the egg, and put in a quick oven.

Non-Alcoholic Drink.—Take nine ounces of powdered preserving sugar, and the same weight of the finest oatmeal, six ounces of good cocoa powder, and mix all together into a creamy paste with cold water. When it is well mixed, pour on to the mixture a gallon and a half of boiling water. This keeps fairly well in a cool place if well corked.

Pistachio Cake.—Sift one cup of flour three times before measuring and twice afterwards. Pour four tablespoonfuls of boiling water over one cupful of pulverized sugar; place over the fire until the sugar forms a syrup, then cool; add one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt to the flour. Blanch two ounces of pistachio nuts, chop and pound to a paste, then press through a sieve; mix the ingredients mentioned, then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the batter steadily for ten minutes, turn into a greased pan, and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Dogs.—Some men there are who are never without a dog. From childhood to old age they delight in the companionship of the most faithful of animals. He is part of their households, cared for, petted and relied upon quite as much as any other member of the family.

Sir Walter Scott was such a man, and two of his dogs are inseparable from his memory. During their lives and his they were his constant companions in doors and out. He had many others, but Camp and Maida were his favorites.

Camp was a large and splendid bull terrier, as brave and fierce as any of his race and as gentle and as sweet as summer with children and women.

Scott called him the wisest dog he ever knew, and many stories are told of his intelligence and sagacity.

When he died there was mourning at Abbottsford and the whole family stood in tears around the grave. Scott excused himself that day from a dinner engagement on account of "the death of a dear old friend."

After Camp's death Maida, described as being "the grandest dog ever seen on the border since Johnny Armstrong," was inseparable from his master, and gave rise to the saying, "Walter Scott and his dog." They were painted together many times and Maida's likeness is almost as well known as Scott's.

In telling of the death of Maida in the biography Lockhart says: "So died his faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs—might I not safely say of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man?"

THE wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

ABOUT THE RUBY.

IN all the world and in every age there has been but one idea of a perfect ruby, viz., that it is the most rare of all productions of nature, that it forms the highest known standard of perfection, and excels in value the diamond itself.

When the ancients desire to convey the idea of something very precious they compared it with the ruby, for example, "The price of wisdom is above rubies," and "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies."

It is not difficult to imagine that in the age of superstition wonderful qualities were ascribed to it, for whatever startled the imagination of the ancients with a new and mysterious beauty was at once invested with supernatural power.

It was firmly believed that the ruby furnished light to certain great serpents or dragons whose eyes had become feeble through old age; also that it had the power of shining brilliantly in darkness, and that its light was of such a nature that nothing could arrest it. It was a matter of firm faith that if the ruby were worn in an amulet it was good against poison and the plague, and that so worn, it would drive away evil thoughts, sadness, bad dreams and wicked spirits; it was also credited with the attribute of cheering the mind and keeping the body in safety, and even of warning the wearer of the approach of danger by growing black and obscure, and returning to its former color when the danger was past. In fact the belief prevailed that the presiding genius of a man's fate might be carried with him in the shape of a ruby.

It was related by Sir John Maundeville, a traveler in the fourteenth century, who visited a royal court in the East, that the emperor had in his chambor pillars of gold, in one of which was a ruby or carbuncle of half a foot long which, in the night gave so much light and shining as to be equal to the light of day; and by Louis Veroiam the story was told that the King of Pegu wore carbuncles of such a size and lustre that whoever looked at him in the dark saw him as resplendent as though he were illumined by the sun. It is related also in Ælian's Book of Animals that "a woman of the name of Heraclia, having cured a stork of a broken leg, the grateful bird brought and dropped into her bosom a carbuncle or true ruby which shone in the darkness of night like a lighted lamp."

Putting aside, however, all the quaint pretty stories, beliefs and mystic powers with which the fancies of five thousand years have endowed precious stones, and this one specially, we come face to face with facts important for us to know, viz., the composition, the home and surroundings of the ruby and the sapphire, which are one and the same stone varying only in color.

These two stones do not always grow up together, and their color is derived from their surroundings just as two children in a family exhibit different characteristics if brought up under different influences.

The pearl is composed of lime and the diamond of pure carbon, therefore we shall not be unprepared to find that the ruby and the sapphire, exquisite as they are, are formed almost entirely of clay, a substance quite as common as lime and carbon.

It scarcely seems possible that the material with which children make mud pies can have anything in common with the ruby and the sapphire, but so it is.

The basis of clay is alumina, a substance which exists largely in vegetable mould and in most of the rocks of the world, and it is of alumina nearly pure that the ruby and the sapphire are formed. I say nearly pure, because some faint trances of foreign matter, such as oxide of iron or chromic acid are detected in them, and probably it is these minute particles coming into contact with the alumina which afford the coloring to these exquisite gems.

Just as we saw that the diamond had a double in an inferior variety, so the ruby has its inferior in the Oriental topaz, the first being a hundred times more valuable than the last. There exists but one true ruby, "of color glorious and effects rare," and that is the Oriental ruby. When its color is of good quality it has the tint of arterial blood, a tint known in commerce as "pigeon's blood." Some of the reds in the stained glass of our ancient cathedrals, when the daylight pours through, give an idea of this brilliant color.

Formerly the people of the East called all colored stones by the name of ruby, and in the language of Pegu, the sapphire was a blue ruby, the topaz a pink ruby, the amethyst a violet ruby, and so on.

The ruby, sometimes called carbuncle from its fiery appearance, is sometimes distinguished by a property shared by the sapphire and the emerald, and which is known as dichroism, and belongs only to those gems whose form is six-sided or pyramidal. The stones which possess this power, when viewed in different directions, exhibit two distinct colors—the ruby, aurora red and carmine; the sapphire, greenish straw and blue, the emerald, yellowish green and bluish green, while diamonds, garnets, and spinel, which crystallize in the cubic system, show a pair of images identical in color.

The name given to all minerals consisting of alumina nearly pure, is corundum. This is very largely distributed over the world, but the fine red varieties are extremely rare; indeed, it may be said that they have no home outside Burma, Siam, and Ceylon, and even of these it is only Burma which is celebrated for the tint known as the true pigeon blood; those of Siam being often too dark and those of Ceylon too light to satisfy the connoisseur.

It is only of late years that we have learnt anything definite about the home and surroundings of the ruby, and great thanks are due to Mr. Streeter, whose skill, energy and organization have opened up to us a mass of information respecting the character of the country in which rubies are found, and the working of the mines not only in Burma, but also in Montana.

As to the origin of the ruby little is known. Cardan, who was born in 1801, declared they were engendered by juices distilled from precious minerals, while the people of the East believed that rubies ripen in the earth; that they are first colorless and crude, and gradually as they ripen become yellow, green, blue and red, which they considered the highest point of beauty and ripeness. But to go from fancies to facts. The mines in which rubies are found are as a rule natural caverns into which ruby-sand and clay have been washed. They are also found in calc-spar, and it has been thought by some therefore that calc-spar is the matrix or mother-rock of the ruby, while others with more reason, perhaps, think that the calc-spar has closed round the gem, but whence the ruby itself originally came is a mystery up to the present time.

The knowledge that ruby mines existed in Burma first reached Europe in the fifteenth century, but there was so much mystery about them that up to the beginning of 1886, the date of the annexation of Upper Burma to the British Empire, we were quite ignorant as to the conditions under which these gems occurred in this inaccessible country. The mines were so strictly guarded that no European was allowed to approach them on any pretence. They were a royal monopoly, and fine stones could only be obtained for the outside world by smuggling, as the order was to retain all for the king's treasury. One of the titles of the King of Burma was "Lord of the Rubies." The origin of the king's possession of these mines is given in the following tradition.

In the year 1630 it happened that a Burman came to Mogok, a hundred miles north of Mandalay, with tamarinds for sale, and having obtained a red stone in exchange for some of his fruit presented it to the King of Ava, the ancient capital of Burma. The king was so pleased with the ruby that he entered into negotiations for the tract of country which produced such minerals, and in the year 1637 he peacefully obtained the ruby district in exchange for other territory, and from that time to this it is probable that the the majority of fine rubies have come directly or indirectly from Upper Burma.

COIN SUBSTITUTES.—Norway even now uses corn for coin.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money.

Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

Oxen form the circulating medium among the Zulus and Kaffirs.

In India casks of tea pass as currency, and in China pieces of silk.

Tin today forms the standard of value at the great fairs of Nishni Novgorod.

In the retired districts of New Guinea female slaves form the standard of value.

Iron spikes, knives and spear heads and brass rods are employed in certain parts of Central Africa.

Chocolate is still used in the interior of South America for a currency, as are cocoanuts and eggs.

The archaic Greek money was in the form of thick, round lumps of metal, stamped with the given value.

Whales' teeth are used by the Fijians, red feathers by some of the South Sea Islanders, and salt in Abyssinia.

The old Chinese gold coins were in the form of cubes, while the bronze was shaped like knives and mining tools.

The Icelandic and Irish laws yet have traces of the use of cattle for money. Many Teutonic fines were paid in cattle.

In the early colonial times of 1752 tobacco and tobacco receipts were legal tender, corn and beans and codfish also being employed.

The small, hard shell known as the cowrie is still used in India, the Indian islands and Africa, in the place of subsidiary coin.

In 1652, during the early colonial times of America, musket balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were a legal tender for sums under a shilling.

Wampum was the commonest currency of them all. It was the shell bead money of the Indians, and was soon accepted by the colonists as a convenient token.

The strangest coin of all, though, was the ideal money spoken of by Montesquieu as being found in certain parts of Africa. It is an ideal money called "maconte," but is purely a sign of value without a unit.

THE BARON'S RUSE.—Among the bravest and most energetic of the Silesian noblemen who gave trouble to Frederick the Great of Prussia was Baron Lieben.

Once upon a time a crowd of riotous peasants came to the Baron's castle of Falconberg, making the most outrageous demands, threatening to burn, kill, and lay waste if their demands were not complied with.

The nobleman retired to his armorial chamber, and directed that the deputation should be admitted. The aggressive peasants, to the number of fifty, or more, well heated with liquor, entering the room, and, when they were all in, the Baron shut the heavy oaken door and locked it, and threw the key out through the open window.

Then he sat down upon his sofa, with a powder barrel at his elbow, and, taking from his mouth the well-lighted cigar which he had been smoking, he exclaimed, in tones of dire and dreadful wrath—

"Miscreants, if you do not immediately go down upon your knees and ask my pardon, and then go out at yonder window, I will apply my cigar to this barrel of powder, and we will all go to destruction together!"

The effect was magical. The peasants knew the old warrior too well to think of doubting the truth of his diabolical threat. Down they went upon their knees, sobered enough to ask his pardon, and they went out at the window, after the key, much preferring the risk of injury from the leap to remaining in the neighborhood of that dreadful magazine, with the lighted cigar of the Baron Lieben in such terrible juxtaposition.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLIES.—An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibration of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 251. Delray, Mich.

A REAL NEED.—Amusement in itself is a real need, which always makes itself felt, and in some way or other is sure to get supplied. It is not, as some suppose, a sort of luxury which should be patiently waited for till all other desirable advantages are secured; it is rather a deep-seated necessity, which in all circumstances must and will be satisfied, if not from fountains pure and sweet, then from sources unwholesome and corrupt. The young need it more than the old, the busy more than the idle, the poor more than the rich, but all need it, and all in some form obtain it.

Reduced Fares on the Reading.

In order to better accommodate the patrons of the road and to more nearly approximate the trolley fares the management of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company have inaugurated a change in rates which took place September 20th, whereby a package of ten trip tickets, good in hands of holder, and a 100 trip individual ticket will be sold between this city and points north of Manayunk to Pottstown inclusive. These tickets will be good for one year from and including date of sale, and the ten trip tickets will really be less than excursion rates. The 100 trip tickets will be a great accommodation to the occasional traveler, and both will effect a very considerable saving to patrons of the road. A slight change will also be made in first class one way rates from points named.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

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It's the Simple
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—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOU RAISE may be in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try? :: :: :: ::

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Humorous.

WHAT HE DID.

With loving look her dimpled arms
About my neck she did entwine,
And raised her rosy, roguish lips
Up temptingly quite near to mine.
Who could resist such proffered bliss?
I could—and did. Her age was three.
And her wee mouth was too stuck up
With candy to be kissed, you see.

We never could understand how fleas keep still long enough to raise a family.

Why is a person annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea?—Because he is a man over-bored.

Why are ministers bad mathematicians?—Because they make the result of joining one and one, one.

What is the difference between a doctor and his bootmaker?—The one heals the body and the other heels the sole.

"Jamie," sharply called out his mother, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."

Miss Birdie Slade, an Oklahoma belle: "I kinder hate to call you Mr. Bowersock—it sounds so formal."

Swain: "Then call me Polecat Pete, just as all the fellers do."

Bilkins: What do you think, Spilkins? I dreamed last night that I borrowed twenty dollars of you.

Spilkins: Well, old boy, dream to-night that you paid it, and we'll be even.

The smallest son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned saying, with a sigh: "Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

Hazel: I have one of the nicest dentists you ever saw.

Nutte: In what way?

Hazel: Why, he pulled out the wrong tooth the other day and wouldn't charge me a cent for it.

She: You have been away in the country, haven't you?

He: Yes. Visiting some people I used to know when I was a boy.

She: Particular friends?

He: Oh, no. Father and mother.

"I wouldn't have believed that fellow so ignorant."

"Why, he's a collegiate like yourself, old man. I never heard him called ignorant before."

"Well, I got a note from him this morning, and he spells 'ninety' with an 'e.'"

Aunt Maria: Are you sure Mr. Spooner loves you?

Carrie: I guess you would think so, to hear the silly things he says to me.

Aunt Maria. But how do you know you love him?

Carrie: Because they don't seem silly to me.

"Whisky," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he pointed his finger at the audience, "whisky has killed more men than bullets."

"All the same," said the water-eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap rather a man filled me with whisky than with bullets."

"What time do you have, please?"

"My friend, you ask me too early."

"How's that?"

"Well, I have a watch that won't keep time, so I finally set it at six o'clock and quit winding it. Twice in twenty-four hours now it is right to a T, where otherwise it would be wrong all the time."

He was as pale as death. "No," the beautiful American was faltering, "I will not marry you."

The scion of a noble race staggered from the room.

"Capital," he hissed, as with the instinct of a gentleman he clutched the umbrella in the hat rack, "is still timid, I see."

Tender-hearted damozel: I think fishing is cruel. The idea of putting a worm to the torture of having a hook run through him is awful to me.

Witherby: It doesn't hurt the worm.

Tender hearted damozel: How do you know?

Witherby: How? Why, I've put worms on hooks dozens of times, and never heard a murmur from 'em.

"You have a pleasant home and bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" inquired a New York judge.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Well," resumed the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just forty-three days, as I shall have to send you up for that time."

Here is a dog story which you can believe or not as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes around the table to his other side and pretends to be another dog."

THE VEILED PICTURE.—Two artist-lovers sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint best.

So with the highest skill his genius could command each strove for the maiden. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life.

Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon however the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But greatly to his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture.

Plainly he who could so veil his canvas with the brush as to deceive a skillful master was the greater artist.

A DAUGHTY PLACE.—"Yes," remarked the traveled man reflectively, as he tilted back his chair, "there's some hot places. Now, for instance, there's Yuma, in Arizona. I once knew a fellow," he continued, who went there for his health.

By wearing a wet towel bound about his head he just managed to pull through the first year, but, after he became fairly well acclimatized, he seemed to thrive in that temperature, and was as lively as a cricket for several years.

One unlucky day, however, he received a telegram calling him to Mexico on important business. He had scarcely reached the place when he was taken with a chill and died without medical aid.

His friends decided to cremate the body, and, after due preparation, the remains were carefully wrapped in a sheet and consigned to the white heat of the receptacle. When sufficient time for the incineration had elapsed, the mourners gathered round to receive the ashes.

An attendant respectfully opened the door, and you can imagine their surprise when the man from Yuma raised himself up and called out, 'Please close that door; I can't stand the draught.'

SIMPLE QUESTION.—"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer, in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."

ONE of the passengers on board an ill-fated vessel at the time of the wreck was an exceedingly nervous man. Finding himself floating in the water, he imagined what his friends would do to acquaint his wife with his fate. Saved at last, he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message, "Dear P. I am saved. Break it gently to my wife."

"WASN'T he put out when you told him he couldn't have a kiss?" "Oh, no! He just took it as a matter of course."

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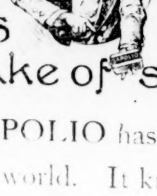
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.



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Sarsaparilla

Over Half a Century Old. Why Not Get the Best?

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.15, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sunday—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.06, 4.20, 6.35, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.55, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.39 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 1.45, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.15, 4.30, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, (Monday only), 6.30, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.52 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad)—Express, 9.15 a m, (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.05 a m, 4.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 2962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.